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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 26, 1951

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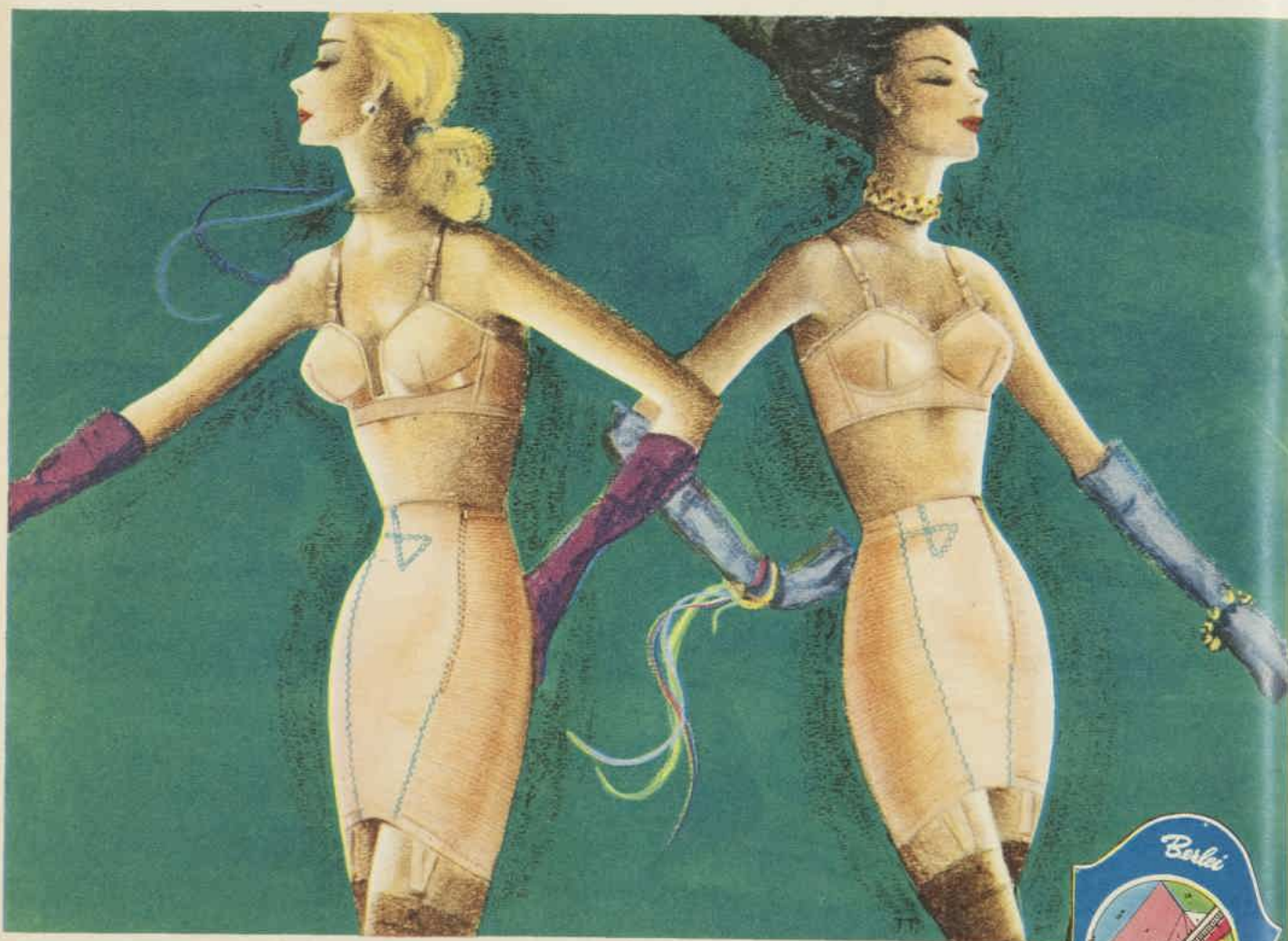


Spring
Brides

modern as the moment, firm as your great-aunt
and withal, so supple, so smooth, so lovely . . .

bras and girdles in NYLON BY Berlei

Sheer, light, lissome loveliness . . . next-
to-nothing Nylon girdles and bras—figure-
flatterers brought to you by Berlei!
Nothing enhances a shapely figure more
than firmly moulding Nylon—and Berlei
searched the world's markets to find a fabric
that would be just right . . . as beautiful
and supple as it is strong and durable.
Nylon girdles and bras by Berlei are as
light as your latest whimsy . . . free as
a thought . . . subtle as a woman's intuition
—and they retain their shape indefinitely.
Laundering's so easy, too—they're dry
before you can whisper "Lovely!"



2030. Slide-fasten-
ing step-in in Nylon
batiste gives gentle
hip control to Sway
Back figures. Bone-
less. Blue stitching
trim. Sizes 24"-28".
Price, 52/6.

The "Plunge Bra" is
obtainable in two fit-
tings in nude or
white Nylon mar-
quisette and satin.
Adjustable shoulder
straps. Sizes 30"-38".
Prices, 28/6 & 30/6.

6030. Sheath back
of this Nylon batiste
step-in gives
smoother lines to the
Average figure. Net
elastic side panels,
slide fastener. Sizes
22"-28". Price, 51/-.

Berlette is made of
fine quality Nylon
batiste for junior
and medium bust
figings. Dries over-
night. Sizes 30"-38".
Prices, 19/- to 21/-.

This unique Berlei Figure-Type
Indicator in the hands of a
Berlei-trained Corsetiere helps
you choose a foundation to fit
your shape as well as your size.



Prices Subject to Alteration

The daintiest, darlingest foundations you ever did see!



Only when a complete shoe-factory moves from the U.S. to Italy, can you expect to see fabulous shoes like these new

Trieste Cabanas

Hand-sewn by famous Italian shoe-makers on the best New York lasts



The cocktail sandals

This year, the twilight hour will see precious PURE GOLD sandals gleaming under ballerina-skirts: these exquisite hand-tooled leather scuffs and wedges, engraved with 22-carat gold and soled with the air-light synthetic that wears twice as long as leather!




The raffia casuals

Brilliant Madagascar raffias, hand-woven in Florence, will brighten Australian beaches from coast to coast, this summer. Soaring skyscraper wedges or little low heel flats, these airy casuals are cleverly latticed to mould the shape of any foot — and they come in a tremendous range of fittings — colours as gay and sunny as a Trieste flower-stall!

Trieste Cabanas by Lucky Shoes, Trieste, Italy.
Sole distributors: J. Goldberg Footwear Agencies Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

ASK FOR "TRIESTE CABANAS" AT THESE LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

SYDNEY: Farnham & Co. Ltd.; David Jones Ltd.; Sydney Snow Pty. Ltd.; McNaughton Shoe Stores Pty. Ltd.; Anthony Morden & Sons Ltd.; Mark Foy Ltd. BRISBANE: Arcadio Shoe Store; Finney Hosiery & Co. Ltd.; McDonnell & East Ltd.; McWhirter Ltd.; R. J. Morris Pty. Ltd.; Shirley Shoes Pty. Ltd. MELBOURNE: Ball & Welch Ltd.; C. F. Christmas Shoes; Cox Bros. (Aust.) Ltd.; K. O. Geiger Pty. Ltd.; Hicks Atkinson Ltd.; Manton & Sons Ltd.; Milady's Shoemaker Pty. Ltd.; The Myer Emporium Ltd.; Williams the Shoemen. ADELAIDE: The Myer Emporium (S.A.) Ltd. PERTH: Betts & Betts; Boons Ltd. HOBART: J. McKean & Sons.

A full-length photograph of a man standing, wearing a light-colored (possibly tan or beige) suit jacket over a white shirt and a dark red tie with small white dots. He is smiling slightly. The background is plain and light-colored.

What you want to know about lightweight suits

Tropical worsteds and lightweight wool suits are more than a fashion; they are a practical necessity. You should be thinking of buying one this month or next. Before you do, consider these common-sense questions and answers:-

What benefits will I get from a lightweight suit?

You will look smart because you are correctly dressed. You will feel much better because you'll be cool and comfortable. You will be preserving your more expensive suits.

Do lightweight suits crease much?

Provided they are wool they don't. Wool has natural wrinkle resistance which even repeated dry cleaning cannot destroy. And wool suits do not bag at the knees.

Is lightweight wool really cool?

It is cooler than other fabrics. Wool is porous. It holds an insulating layer of air round your body - literally allows it to breathe. Again, wool has far higher absorbency than any other fabric. Wool does not cling or feel clammy in the hottest weather.

What about price?

Right now, some Australian stores can show you good lightweight wool suits for as little as £16. Whether you pay more is for you to decide, but whatever you invest, you'll get your value in wool. Wool outwears all other fabrics and stands alone for smart appearance.

**There is
no substitute
for
WOOL**

Inserted by The Australian Wool Board

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 26, 1951

An illustration of two women on a beach. The woman on the left is wearing a purple strapless swimsuit and has her right arm raised. The woman on the right is wearing a yellow strapless swimsuit and is adjusting her hair. There are seagulls flying in the blue sky and on the sandy beach. A sign in the upper left corner reads 'Scamp is so feminine this year'. Text at the bottom left describes the 'Enchanta' swimsuit, and text at the bottom right describes the 'Magnetic' swimsuit. A central line of text says 'SEE THE SCAMP COLLECTION FOR 1951-1952 AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE'.

Scamp

is so feminine
this year

"Enchanta"

... brings the magic of midnight under the sun! This bewitchingly feminine creation is in plain lastex and has the Scamp shirred paneling for perfect contour moulding. Only lastex gives you figure control while you're sunning!

"Magnetic"

... with graceful classical contours. "Magnetic" introduces a dull finish panel contrasting with the usual gleaming lastex we love. See "Enchanta," "Magnetic," and the many other delightful Scamp styles for 1951-1952 at your favourite store.

SEE THE SCAMP COLLECTION FOR 1951-1952 AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE



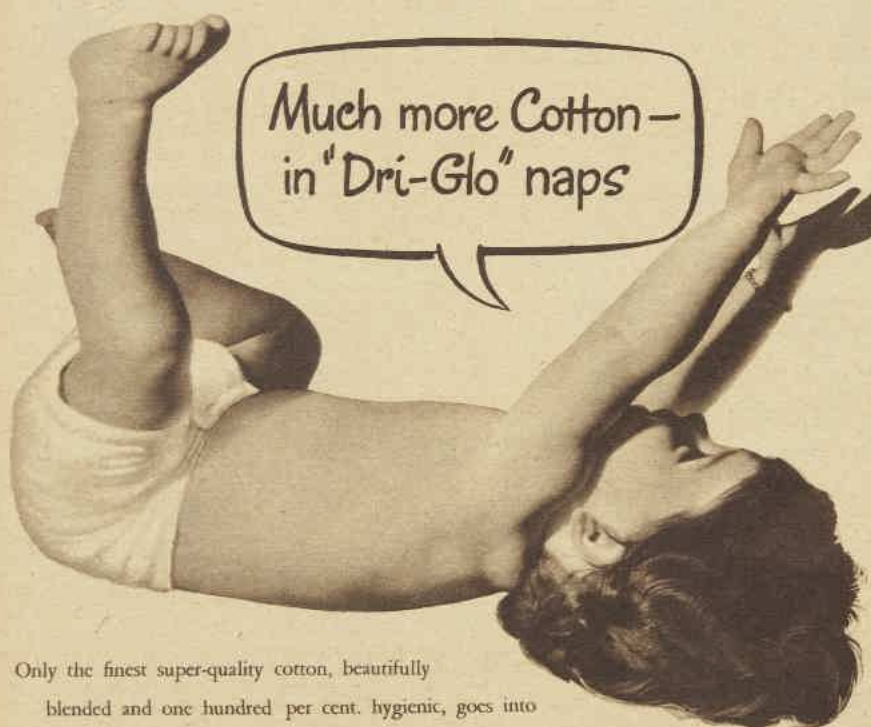
"Dri-Glo" naps are the only naps made from double-warp material



That's why they're Stronger!



Last longer!



Much more Cotton—in "Dri-Glo" naps



So they're Softer



more absorbent

Only the finest super-quality cotton, beautifully blended and one hundred per cent. hygienic, goes into Dri-Glo baby naps. They are so super-soft and cushiony, and so highly absorbent, they protect baby against all changes of climate. They are hemmed and wrapped in cellophane.

"Dri-Glo" naps

Obtainable at stores throughout Australia

Round the Rugged Rocks

By
**DAVID
NIVEN**
ILLUSTRATED
BY LASKIE



John stood bewildered as the bevy of girls passed by him in a laughing parade.

AWAITING demobilisation after the war, **LIEUTENANT JOHN HAMILTON** is billeted at an old English country home, Blagthorpe Hall, and there falls in love with actress **CAROLE PARKER**, who comes to stay at the Hall. Through Carole he meets American high-pressure business magnate **ELMER DIMBLEBY**, and after being demobilised he volunteers to escort to America a pedigreed bulldog Dimbleby has bought to advertise "Dimbleby's Dog Food."

John's luxury voyage across the Atlantic is enlivened by a flirtation with **PATRICIA POLLINIRI**, but on arrival at New York, the bulldog, taking fright, turns its garish reception on the wharf into a riot. John beats a hurried retreat. **NOW READ ON:**

PART TWO OF A SIX-PART SERIAL

FOLLOWING the advice of a friendly taxi-driver, John booked himself into the Claymore, a smallish hotel which was comfortable and conveniently situated, though well within his present means. Three days later, Christmas dawned, clear, cold, and bright, with the streets carpeted with snow.

John woke late, ate his usual massive breakfast, listened to the church bells, and decided he was rather lonely.

He found the number that Patricia Polliniri had given him and telephoned her to wish her a Happy Christmas. She was delighted to hear his voice, but from the tone she used he gathered that, at the moment, she was not alone.

"What are you going to do to-day?" she asked. "Wander about and see how the locals spend their Christmas," he told her.

"You mean you're all alone to-day?" "Yes, I suppose I am . . . but please don't worry about me . . . I'll find plenty to do."

John heard a whispered consultation. Then: "A friend of mine is going to drive me down to Long Island for lunch," said Patricia. "I know he'd be very happy to have you join us . . . You stay right where you are, we'll pick you up in about an hour."

John was easily persuaded. Patricia Polliniri arrived at the hotel looking most attractive in a leopard-skin outfit. The car was magnificent, and the owner-driver, introduced as Mr. Armstrong, was the quiet, serious-minded, and extremely wealthy president of the great Armstrong Oil Corporation of Houston, Texas.

Mr. Armstrong told John that they were taking him to lunch with some friends of his named Despard, who lived near Westbury.

"Lovely people," he said, "with a gorgeous home. Jake Despard and I roomed together in college. He was probably the greatest end we ever had."

John looked blank. "The greatest what?" "The greatest end."

"Was he really?" **27 SEP 1961**

"Sure—all American."

John was still looking blank when the car drove up to the house.

Jake Despard was a huge man in his early fifties. He had an enormous stomach, several double chins, and hands like bunches of bananas with which he slapped every back within reach; he roared with laughter most of the time.

"Well, you old son of a gun . . . what d'you know?" he boomed to Mr. Armstrong. Then he lifted Patricia Polliniri high above

his head and kissed her on both cheeks on the way down. He turned to John . . . "And I'm certainly glad to know you, Mr. Hamilton, and welcome to America . . . delighted you could come down, and a Happy Christmas to you."

One of the bunches of bananas descended with the force of a sledge hammer between John's shoulder blades, all but battering him into the ground.

"What do you think of our little country?" Down came the bananas again, and John's knees buckled.

"I love it," he said weakly.

"Good boy! Well, we'll have to show you around. Come on in, folks, Janet is inside with the Tom and Jerries."

They followed their host and a maid took their coats. The house was so full of people that it was difficult for John to get much of an idea as to how it was furnished, but it seemed attractive and comfortable in a chintzy sort of way—it was as hot as a blast furnace.

Life seemed to be revolving around a huge silver bowl. All had glasses in their hands containing a thick yellowish mixture. These they replenished from time to time with a ladle from the bowl while trying to make themselves heard above two grand pianos being played simultaneously; the din was terrific.

A small faded blonde with round blue eyes detached herself from the group. Janet Despard greeted her guests in a vague way and waved towards the bowl.

John sampled the stuff and found it delicious—warm, sweet, and potent. He was introduced to those nearest him, but the noise was so deafening he never did discover who they all were. He gazed at the scene through eyes smarting from cigarette smoke.

Jake Despard bore down upon him, but, wiser now, John backed against the nearest wall and managed to take a glancing blow on his shoulder.

"How's it going?" roared his host. "Fine," John yelled back, and then, to make polite conversation, "How is your end?"

Despard didn't get it. "My what?"

"Your end—your all American end?"

Despard got enough to take it as a compliment.

"Want to come to the game next Saturday?" he shouted. "Should be great!"

"I'd love to," John screamed.

A group of people joined them and someone filled John's glass again.

"Why did you kick Churchill out after all he'd done for you?" asked a man with red hair.

Please turn to page 8

"I learned the advantages of **Meds** internal sanitary protection from the free **Meds** book."



All women can now have the greater comfort—complete protection—that only MEDS internal sanitary protection can give. Made from the softest, whitest, absorbent surgical cotton. MEDS are available with or without the new improved applicator. Keep a packet in your handbag for greater safety.



Write to Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney, for this FREE Meds booklet—and learn for yourself the wonderful secrets of safe internal sanitary protection.

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Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson
Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney
Please post me, in plain wrapper, the FREE Meds booklet.
Name _____
Address _____

Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 7

BY three o'clock in the afternoon John found himself stunned, deafened, half drunk, faint from hunger, and suffering from a bad attack of claustrophobia.

He was relieved when a young couple asked him if he would like to go skating on their pond; they lived next door, they said, and would love to have him go along with them. Outside he inhaled the fresh air gratefully.

A very poor skater at the best of times, and his natural balance having been badly upset by the vast quantities of Tom and Jerries which he had consumed, John thought it prudent to borrow a cushion; this he strapped to that portion of his anatomy least likely to succeed.

For the most part the skating was a very lighthearted affair, but one or two people seemed to be taking it rather seriously. One very pretty girl had even gone so far as to bring with her an orange. This she had placed on the ice and round it she was performing intricate manoeuvres.

It was inevitable that John, being easily the worst skater present, should in one of his spasmodic dashes across the pond cut this orange in half. Worse than that, this collision with a piece of soft fruit proving too much for his already faltering balance, he fell; and, like a drowning man clutching a straw, he brought the girl down with him.

At first she was justifiably annoyed, but it was Christmas Day and she was very pretty, and John quickly told her so, so she ended up by giving him a skating lesson and they spent the rest of the fading light skating round hand in hand as the icicles formed on the fir trees round the pond. She told him she lived in New York and when he asked her for her telephone number her face dimpled deliciously.

"You'd never remember it if I gave it to you, but you can try. My name is easy—Windsor—you can find it in the phone book under my father's name, Dennis Windsor, 983 Park Avenue."

"Then I'll call you to-morrow," said John, "may I? Will you be back by then?"

"Not till Wednesday night."

"Then I'll call you on Thursday morning early . . . good-bye."

She smiled very prettily as she said good-bye.

Back at the Despard's house things seemed to have quieted down a little: more than half of the guests had gone home and Patricia and Mr. Armstrong were ready to leave.

"I'll call you about that game next Saturday," Jake Despard boomed to John, "and I'll get an extra ticket

in case you want to bring a girl."

"Thanks so much, I'd love to come, and thanks for the party too . . . that's one of the best Christmases I've ever had."

Next morning, John looked searchingly into his financial status and was very little surprised to discover that he was only just afloat. He telephoned the shipping company.

"I have the return half of a round trip ticket from Southampton," he said. "When is your next sailing? . . . To-morrow midnight? . . . Yes, that'll do fine . . . Plenty of room? . . . Thank you."

He gave his name and particulars and hung up. It was now ten o'clock on Wednesday morning so he had roughly thirty-six hours before sailing.

He spent a wonderful day wandering all over the city. In the evening he saw a burlesque show on 8th Avenue and sat delightedly through the rough and tumble of an ice hockey match at Madison Square Garden.

WHEN he woke on the morning of his last day in New York, John lay in bed thinking. Thursday! There was something he was supposed to do besides leave the country . . .

Of course! Windsor! He was going to call up "Miss Dimples" of the ice. There didn't seem much point in doing so now that he was leaving, but at least it would be nice to chat on the telephone for a few minutes—but what was her telephone number?

He remembered that she had said it was under her father's name—Dennis, he thought . . . and that it was a high street number on Fifth Avenue or somewhere. He ran his finger vaguely down the W's—800 hadn't she said?—Windsor—Charles B. Windsor—Cuthbert Windsor—Here we are!—D. Windsor, 983 Fifth Avenue—that must be it.

A female voice answered the phone. "How are you?" asked John.

"Just fine, thank you," answered the voice. "Who is this?"

"John Hamilton—er, the man who ran over your orange."

"The man who did what?"

"Ran over your orange . . . on the ice . . . on Christmas Day, remember?" There was a pause. Things were not going too well.

"Mr. Hamilton, I think you must have the wrong number."

"Don't you remember me? Skating at Westbury . . . You had an orange and I ran over

it, and I had a cushion strapped on . . . er . . . in case I fell down."

"Mr. Hamilton, I don't know what you're talking about. I've never been ice skating in my life. I have never been to Westbury, and, furthermore, I loathe oranges."

John pondered over this. "Well, I'm terribly sorry, but you are Miss Windsor, aren't you?"

"No. I am Mrs. Windsor."

"Mrs. Windsor? Are you quite sure? . . . Well, I'm terribly sorry. . . . I must have called the wrong number. . . . Please forgive me."

There was a musical laugh from the other end. "That's quite all right—"

John thought it was a very nice voice indeed and was loath to close the conversation.

" . . . you see, I've only been in this country for a few days," he went on. "It's a jolly fine place . . . er . . . I'm from England, you know."

"What made you call this number, anyway?"

"Well, the character you are supposed to be, or rather the one I was trying to call, said I could find the number in the book under her father's name, Dennis Windsor, at 983 Park Avenue, and, incidentally, I still think that's what I found."

"No—what you found was Donald Windsor at 893 Fifth Avenue. . . . That puts you roughly one block west and eight blocks north of where you are supposed to be. . . . Well, it's been nice knowing you, Mr. Hamilton. . . . Good-bye."

"I love that voice," said John to himself. Out loud he said, "Is Donald your father?"

"No. My husband."

"Where is his business?"

"Well, his office is downtown, if that's what you mean."

"Then we could have lunch together somewhere uptown, couldn't we?"

A pause, John waited.

"I think you have a colossal nerve," came the voice from the other end.

He sighed down the telephone. "All you middle-aged women are the same . . . no sense of adventure, no . . ."

"I'm not middle-aged, I'm twenty-two," John grinned to himself.

"Then that makes it much worse. You'll probably share a lettuce leaf with three dreary girl friends and spend the rest of the afternoon drooling over some ghastly dress show."

"I really don't know why I don't hang up . . . I don't know who you are, or what you are."

John plunged in deeper. "Please have lunch with me . . . I'm very harmless and I am going back to England to-night."

"Certainly not! You . . . you might be a kidnapper or something."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



Beauty Talk



PAM CLEMSON, popular Sydney model, is noted for her natural loveliness. Pam says, "I've just changed to the new Colinated Foam Shampoo, and my hair looks better than ever. It's so silky-soft and shining, and that's important to any girl!"

THE WAY TO KEEP YOUR HAIR SILKY-SOFT AND SHINING

I CAN vouch for what lovely Pam Clemson says, writes Margaret Lamond. I saw her hair at the studio soon after she changed to the new Colinated Foam Shampoo, and the difference was amazing. So silky-soft and shining—so natural looking. To be frank, it's quite a simple matter to keep your hair healthy and glamorous looking. First, you must shampoo it at least once a week. Once a fortnight is not good enough. Second, choose a good shampoo—new Colinated Foam Shampoo for preference. Even the most expensive soaps leave a dulling film on your hair which kills the shine and shuts out its natural beauty.

By Beauty Adviser MARGARET LAMOND

As for these new American-type synthetic "soapless" shampoos, more of them were developed for countries where the water is hard. You don't need anything synthetic with our beautifully soft Australian water. Have you noticed how these synthetic shampoos dry out your hair, robbing it of the natural oils so necessary for healthy, beautiful hair? That's not good! Wonderful new Colinated Foam Shampoo has a hair conditioner which keeps your hair healthy as well as shining. I maintain there is no shampoo as kind to your hair as new Colinated Foam.

PARIS TEENAGER TELLS



MICHELLE SAFARGI, lovely teenage model from Paris, has come to Sydney to live. She loves Australia. Michelle says: "My hair was getting drier and drier with those other shampoos. So I changed to new Colinated Foam Shampoo. Since then my hair has been so natural looking, and so much healthier. The photographer said it was silky-magic! Why run the risk of dry hair? Change to new Colinated Foam Shampoo to-day. You'll love the extra silky-shine it gives your hair. And 3/9 a bottle for 9 glamorous shampoos is the best value anywhere. Get a bottle to-day."

Margaret Lamond

P.S. New Colinated Foam Shampoo contains a new hair conditioner which keeps your hair healthy and shining, and is a dandruff solvent as well.

Wives Walk Out

A complete short story
By NEIL BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNNE W. DAVIES

MR. AND MRS. JOHN CHESNEY sat at breakfast very much as they had sat at that meal during the ten years of their married life. Mrs. Chesney was thirty-five. She was tall, slender, and would have been very pretty but for the faint lines from her nose to the down-drooped corners of her discontented mouth.

John Chesney was fifty—a broad, plumpish, red-faced man with thick but slightly greying hair. He had an air of authority, acquired in the city, where he held a comfortable and responsible post in a ships' brokers.

There were no children of the marriage.

Mr. Chesney was reading the newspaper. He had reached the toast and marmalade stage that followed the bacon and eggs which somehow or other, rather mysteriously

perhaps, always seemed to find its way to the Chesney breakfast table. He liked his toast very crisp and he liked to crunch it sharply and noisily with his teeth, which were his own.

Mrs. Chesney had listened to him noisily crunching his toast for ten years—three thousand six hundred and fifty breakfasts. He liked to chew his food well, and he chewed a good deal with his front teeth and Mrs. Chesney had all those years watched that rabbit-like movement of his face.

Mrs. Chesney took up her cup of tea and raised it halfway to her lips. And then she replaced it noisily in the saucer, stood up, and cried, a hysterical note in her voice: "Stop!"

Mr. Chesney's whole body jerked as if he had been violently shaken from a dream. The newspaper subsided from his fingers. He swallowed and looked anxiously over to his wife. "What did you say, Beryl?" he asked.

"I said 'stop.' Stop, do you hear? Stop. Stop making that maddening noise. Stop your chewing. Stop reading that wretched paper. Stop it! Stop it, I say!"

Mr. Chesney stared. "Good grief," he said bewilderedly, helplessly. "Good grief, Beryl!"

"I'm going," Mrs. Chesney said.

Mr. Chesney continued to stare. "Going, Beryl?" he said. "What do you mean, going?"

"I mean that I'm going. Just that. I'm going away. Anywhere. I've had enough. I can't stand it any longer."

"But—but what can't you stand any longer, my dear?"

"All this," she said with a gesture of her hand. "All this and you and—and everything. It's driving me mad. I'm going before I'm quite mad. Before I grow too old to care. I'm going now."

She walked quickly over to the door, paying no heed to his:

"Stop! Stop reading that wretched paper!" Mrs. Chesney said with a note of hysteria in her voice.

"Wait a moment, Beryl. You don't know what you're saying. My dear girl—"

The closing door cut off his words. The door was not slammed—just firmly and slowly closed. Mr. Chesney stared at it as blankly as he had stared at his wife's passionate face. He listened intently and thought he could hear her mounting the stairs.

He put his cup to his lips, and, finding it empty, put it down again, reached over to the teapot, shook his head, and felt in his pockets for his pipe and tobacco. He liked to smoke a slow, digestive pipe after breakfast before he drove off in his car for the office.

But he paused now, his hand on his pouch. He didn't feel like a pipe at the moment. He didn't feel like smoking at all. He felt in fact by no means comfortable in his stomach.

He glanced at the clock. Should he go off to the office as if nothing had happened? Or should he go upstairs and see what Beryl was doing? Of course it was all just a—tantrum; the sort of thing one learns to expect from a woman; it didn't really mean anything, and she'd no more intention of going than—than he had. And where could she go for that matter?

Still, it would seem a little brutal to go off to the city as if nothing had happened. She was obviously upset about something. Could it be that she was going to have a baby? No; it wasn't that; she would have told him. There was no chance of that, worse luck. If she'd had children she wouldn't have been so—so temperamental and touchy. Wouldn't have had the time.

Perhaps he ought to go up to her room and see what it was all about and make things all right before he left. They might have dinner in town and go to a theatre. She'd like that. And he'd bring her some flowers. Or should he wait a bit and see what happened? Allow her to cool down.

He didn't want to go butting in before the—er—psychological moment. That was one thing marriage had taught him. And you had to wait for it. He'd wait. He'd give her half an hour, and then if she hadn't come down he'd go up.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of his wife's footsteps coming downstairs. Just as well he hadn't gone up. Bet-

ter for her to come down. And perhaps apologise. Not of course that he wanted an apology. Still it was certainly up to her to come down rather than for him to go up.

She seemed to be walking slowly. Very natural. She must be feeling a bit of a fool after that really quite childish outburst. How was he going to receive her? He'd be reading the paper and would just look up with a smile and say: "Well, darling, and what's it all about?" He began to prepare his smile. His lips began to curve upward and he rustled the newspaper.

And then the paper fell from him and his mouth opened in a narrow gape of astonishment and dismay. The footsteps had passed the door of the breakfast-room and he heard the noise of someone at the front door. He went hastily out of the room and into an adjoining one from which he could see the street.

Even as he reached the window he heard the front door close, and a moment later he stood watching with incredulous eyes the trim, graceful figure of his wife walking rapidly from the house. She went with what seemed to him a jaunty step. She was carrying a suitcase and was wearing her most expensive tailor-made suit.

Mr. Chesney went back to the breakfast-room and, lifting the silver teapot, found it empty. The vacuum water jug was, however, half full, and he filled the pot, put milk and sugar in his cup, and poured out some tea. It was straw-colored and in the cup looked most unattractive.

He took a sip, grimaced, put down the cup, swore, and walked to the window; and for a while stared out on the garden which his and Beryl's hands had made beautiful.

She couldn't be gone. It was all just mad. Sheer madness. A nightmare. It hadn't happened. He turned and looked at the breakfast table with its untidy litter, and the thought came to him that clearing all that away and making things tidy again was one of those jobs Beryl did every day, now that it was so difficult to get a maid, and had been doing it for years and he'd never really given it a thought.

And there were all those things to wash up. A filthy job. And the shopping to do and her own luncheon to get and then their dinner to be prepared and cooked and served. And then cleared away. And more washing up.

Of course if she'd really gone he'd have to get someone to do the work. He couldn't do it. That was obvious. But she'd be back for luncheon. It was a hysterical tantrum. A bit of showing off. He'd leave the breakfast table as it was. Or should he clear away and wash up?

It would be a generous gesture and one Beryl would appreciate when she came home cooled down and in her right mind. Yes, he'd clear away. But not wash up. Filthy job. He regarded with repulsion the greasy plates and the more greasy dish, and, walking across to the table, began to pile the things together.

Coming to the end of the street, Mrs. Chesney crossed over to the rank and took a taxi to the station, where she caught a fast train to Victoria, and, arriving there, took a taxi to the Murray Hotel, Bloomsbury, and booked a room for a week in her own name.

She intended to look for a post. There was no great hurry. She had her passbook and cheque book with her. She had always had her own banking account, and although it was never very large (and indeed at present was slightly under two hundred pounds) it had always sufficed, chiefly because it gave her a feeling of independence.

Its present amount was modest, but it was ample for her purpose and would give her plenty of time to look round; to pick and choose instead of having to rush hastily into something distasteful.

There were plenty of posts she could fill admirably and profitably to all parties; it was simply a question of waiting till the right one presented itself.

Please turn to page 43

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The Black Pearl

By
ENID
SNOW

It was almost too beautiful to be true, Marta felt, as she saw it

GERALD GODWIN looked at his wife across the table as they finished their luncheon. "Wars, hot and cold," he said to her, "Paris might change as a result, but the Ritz is always the same."

They were a good-looking, well-dressed couple in their early thirties. They were registered from Toronto.

"Five years to-day," Mrs. Godwin sighed happily. "Our wedding anniversary!"

"Marta," Gerald said, "we are going to find you an anniversary gift."

Outside the Ritz, they walked partially around the Place Vendôme and turned left towards the heart of Paris. In the second block they stopped in front of Broussard Freres jewellers.

They looked a while at the jewels in the window and then entered the shop, Marta protesting ever so little.

"May I be of service to you, monsieur?" asked an attendant.

"I want something rather special, if you have it," said Gerald. "For a long time my wife has coveted a black pearl, a single large black pearl."

"Just a moment, monsieur." The man disappeared into the rear of the store, returning promptly, preceded by a middle-aged man who introduced himself as the manager. Unobtrusively, he scrutinised the couple before him; conservatively dressed, well-groomed, they seemed people of means and refinement.

"Monsieur," he said, "I have one very large, very expensive black pearl. Twenty-five thousand dollars. I believe it will please madame." He looked directly into his customer's eyes. Gerald seemed calmly interested; Marta somewhat startled.

"Gerald, that is too much," she said softly. "Let us have a look, dear. We do not need always to be practical."

"Certainly, monsieur." The manager bowed, disappeared into the rear of the shop and soon returned, carrying a padded square of white velvet and a small box.

He smoothed the square of velvet with expert hands, opened the box, unwrapped many layers of tissue-paper, and carefully placed a very large black pearl in the centre of the velvet.

"Oh, Gerald," Marta gasped, "have you ever seen anything so exquisite? But it is so expensive!"

"In my opinion it is the most beautiful thing we have in our collection, madame," interrupted the manager. "It would make a superb pendant."

"When could it be ready?" Gerald asked abruptly.

"It will be ready to-morrow afternoon," replied the manager. "There will be an additional charge of two hundred and fifty dollars for the platinum chain and pendant. Madame will have one of the most beautiful jewels in the world."

Gerald took out a cheque book, wrote a cheque for twenty-five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars on the Canadian National Bank and handed it to the manager, who bowed low.

"Merci mille fois, monsieur. I trust you will understand that when so large a sum of money is involved it is our custom to put

through the cheque." He paused. "There may be a delay of an additional day. I will telephone you."

"That will be satisfactory," replied Gerald. "You will find me at the Ritz."

The manager bowed, "Au revoir, madame."

"I worry, Gerald," said Marta in her low voice, as they left the shop.

"Because you are so practical, dear. Ah, autumn in Paris. I had forgotten how good it could be."

On the third morning following the purchase of the black pearl, the manager telephoned that the pearl had been made into a pendant and was ready.

He was waiting for them when Gerald and Marta walked into the shop. In a leather box lined with cream velvet lay the magnificent black pearl, with its slender platinum chain. Marta exclaimed rapturously.

"The matter of the cheque went through promptly," said the manager. "If I ever can be of service again, monsieur." The manager bowed.

A week passed in the lives of Gerald and Marta, a week of small restaurants, of walks in the park, an occasional hour on a secluded bench, and some visits to the Louvre. On the seventh morning, Gerald donned a new suit of clothes he had had made in London, left the Ritz alone, and sauntered towards Broussard Freres.

Entering the shop, he gazed absently at an array of diamond bracelets beneath a glass case. A clerk recognised him and rushed to the rear of the shop. In a moment the manager stood before him, smiling eagerly.

"Monsieur Godwin, bonjour, monsieur! Is madame happy with her wonderful pendant?"

"Very happy," answered Gerald. "I was looking at your bracelets as a possible birthday gift for her." He extracted a cigarette from a gold case, and lit it, glancing again at the bracelets.

"Her birthday is two weeks off. These stones are striking, but I am wondering if I could get another black pearl to duplicate the other. It could perhaps be made into a ring. There is nothing my wife would like so much."

"But I have no such pearl!" exclaimed the manager. "That is a rare jewel, the like of which we have not had in years."

"Of course. I understand," said Gerald. "I will try somewhere else."

"Please, Mr. Godwin, let me see what I can do. If there is on the Continent a wonderful pearl similar to madame's, Broussard Freres can get it. I know exactly what you want. You will hear from me in a very few days."

"Very well," Gerald said affably. "Au revoir, monsieur. Merci mille fois!"

THE heavy door of the shop closed behind Gerald. He turned left to avoid walking in front of Broussard Freres. Somehow at the moment he could not walk before that window.

Uneventful days of tension passed. Marta's large pale eyes were worried and unsmiling. On the fourth morning the manager of Broussard Freres came to see Gerald at the Ritz. They had a cognac at the bar.

"Mr. Godwin, our agent in Amsterdam tells me he has found a wonderful black pearl, almost the duplicate of the other, perhaps an infinitesimal shade smaller, but a wonderful gem. Ah, but it is very expensive," the manager sighed. "It will cost forty-five thousand dollars. It is the only remaining one on the Continent, and the owner will not listen to bargaining."

"Forty-five thousand dollars is a great deal of money. Still—" Gerald extracted a large-denomination franc note from a wallet and paid the check, leaving a generous tip for the bowing waiter.

"I think you can go ahead," said Gerald. "If I do not get it now, I may not be able to later."

"That is true, monsieur, absolutely true. I will wire my agent at once. You will have the lustrous pearl in two days, set in a single band of platinum. It will make a marvellous ring. Wednesday morning at noon I will bring it to you here. Merci mille fois, monsieur." The manager bowed and was gone.

On Wednesday morning the dapper manager of Broussard Freres stood talking excitedly to the desk clerk at the Ritz.

"But I had an appointment with Mr. Godwin. I have an order for him." He clutched the leather box containing the black pearl ring with nervous fingers.

"I repeat: He and Mrs. Godwin checked out yesterday," replied the clerk politely. "They left no forwarding address. Mr. Godwin said that he had received some unexpected news."

The manager backed away from the desk, his stout legs trembling beneath him. He left the Ritz and walked slowly back to Broussard Freres. The black pearl in the box was worth to Broussard Freres no more than twenty thousand dollars.

At his direction forty thousand dollars had been paid for it. He had thought to clear five thousand dollars. Now Mr. Godwin had vanished. Where would he ever find another purchaser willing to pay even forty thousand dollars for the pearl?

On a great ocean liner New York bound, Gerald and Marta lay relaxing on their deck chairs.

A pleasant stay in Paris, Gerald reflected. A bit of suspense, but decidedly pleasant on the whole.

The lustrous black pearl he had purchased from Broussard Freres for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars had been taken by his agent to Amsterdam, where it had been deftly peeled of its two thin outer layers by an expert, and sold to the agent of Broussard Freres for forty thousand dollars. The transaction had netted his black-market agent a profit of three thousand dollars, and himself a profit of twelve thousand.

"A worth-while trip," said Marta, her face to the sun.

"Most pleasant," said Gerald.

(Copyright)

The Customer is Always Right

By
LAUREL PASCAL
ILLUSTRATED BY
DALGLEISH

FROM the day that Paul met Ruby Jessup, of the Jessup Fabrics Salon, the fabric of Erica's life began to fall apart. There were no more heart-to-heart discussions about furniture and bric-a-brac, no more Saturday trips in Paul's car in search of fresh treasures for the little antique shop they ran together.

Paul became abstracted, even remote, reserving his rather limited store of vitality for long telephone conversations with the Jessup Salon and even longer luncheon dates with its owner.

Never, Erica told herself as she tidied up her desk after a particularly trying day, would she understand Paul's infatuation. Ruby was extremely elegant, of course—Erica would give her that—but hard and brittle and almost old enough to be taken for his mother.

"Erica!" hissed Paul from his cubby-hole at the rear of the shop. "Erica!"

She looked up—a long way up—until her eyes met those of a tall, bad-tempered looking young man. He tapped her desk impatiently.

"If I'm not intruding too much on your private thoughts . . ."

She jumped to her feet. "Sorry, I didn't hear you come in. Can I help you?"

He scowled at her in a way that suggested he was quite impervious to the appeal of personable young women—and proud of the fact.

"I doubt it." Erica, resisting a strong impulse to hit him over the head with a Sevres vase, said instead: "Try me."

For a split second he almost smiled, and she was conscious of a swift regret that he hadn't—quite. It would have been interesting to see how that heavy face looked without the scowl.

"I want to sell the complete contents of a large flat," he said abruptly. "Furniture, fittings—everything. You follow me?"

Erica raised her expressive dark eyebrows: "Without difficulty so far. But I'd better

warn you that we are only interested in old stuff—genuine antiques."

"That's understood. Here's my card. How soon can you look the flat over?"

"Which day would suit you best?"

"Have to be an evening. Wednesday or Friday."

"No good. How about to-night?"

He looked at her consideringly and she coolly returned the look. She thought him rude, unattractive, and untidy, but couldn't help wondering what he thought of her.

His face, although not particularly striking, was alive with intelligence, and somewhere at the back of the dark eyes there was a hint of humor. For the rest, he had a wild thatch of black hair—no hat—and he was wearing disreputable corduroy slacks and an ancient green sweater.

"All right," he said, "I'll make it somehow. Eight-thirty suit you?"

With a curt nod of her sleek dark head Erica admitted that it would. Again he shot her a half-humorous look that was not quite a smile, and then the door slammed behind him.

Paul came out to her. "What did the Bohemian type want—other than a haircut and possibly a bath?" he asked.

Erica was conscious of a quite irrational flash of irritation. Why condemn a man on the mere superficialities of dress—or even manner? She said coldly: "He has a flat full of furniture he wants us to look at. Can you fit it in to-night—or shall I go?"

Frowning, Paul passed a thin, beautifully kept hand over his thinning hair.

"I'm much too busy just now to run around looking at a lot of old junk. You rushed into this thing, my dear, so I'm afraid you'll have to see it through. Where does the unamiable savage live?"

"Pelham House, Park Lane," Erica said, rather smugly. "And the name is Mark Prescott. Still too busy?"

He grinned. "Prescott the painter. Well, well—I take back the junk, but I still don't believe in the antiques. More likely to be

chromium and glass judging by the pictures he paints."

Erica shook her head pityingly.

"You're losing your touch," she said. "He got through the abstract stage years ago. Now he's one of the leading lights of the romantic school. Good stuff—I like it. As for the flat—remember?—it was fixed up regardless of cost as a fitting shrine for Gloria Wynne when she became the wife of the well-known artist . . ."

"Only that fickle light of the variety stage jilted him for an American film star and . . ."

"That's where we come in. Still too busy?"

Paul flicked a speck of imaginary dust from the sleeve of his elegant dark suit. "Sorry, dear—a dinner date. Nuisance—but there you are. One of those business binds . . ."

The Jessup woman again, Erica thought, but for once she felt no pang. For some curious reason she was looking forward to to-night's adventure. It would be interesting to see the flat—amusing to cross swords again with the most ill-humored, impossible young man she had ever met.

Luxurious discretion seemed to be the keynote of Pelham House. The thick grey carpets absorbed sound; the lilac walls deflected light; the heavy silence had a rich, well-bred air. So had the hall-porter who looked her over from his office and the purple-uniformed bellboy who took her up to the sixth floor in a silent, satin-padded lift.

IMPOSSIBLE, thought Erica, pushing the bell of the penthouse flat, to imagine a more unlikely setting for Mark Prescott.

The ringing of the bell impinged on another sound suggestive of breaking glass. The artist was either smashing up the objets d'art in a fit of pique or he was having an accident.

The silence that followed was profound. She rang again, a prolonged peal, then opened the letter-box and called through it: "Are you all right? If you don't answer while I count five I shall ring for the hall-porter. One . . . two . . . three . . ."

As she straightened up, a voice said very softly: "Come right in."

Only it wasn't Prescott, but a very slight young man with a silk handkerchief covering the lower half of his face. Before she could react in any way to this little sartorial eccentricity, he said: "Sorry about this, sister," and hit her with something that felt like the Eiffel Tower.

She landed, strangely enough, in the round pond. It was deep and contained a rather playful octopus, but she would be all right if she swam fast enough, and that shouldn't be so hard, as she seemed to have lost her outer garments. But then the boxing gloves slowed her up considerably. Where had she acquired them?

Ruby Jessup was reaching out to her with a long, elegant umbrella. Erica gasped and stretched out her hand, and then—whish!—Mrs. Jessup delicately but firmly pushed her under again, but Prescott was there, doing his best to fish her out with a paintbrush.

Paul was the only uninterested person—he just sat there on the bank, disdaintfully watching her in her misfortune.

Finally she woke to find herself on the floor of a delightful room with her head cradled in Mark Prescott's lap. His face came closer and she realised that the sulky look had gone.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

She shook her head and said "Ugh!" Her hair was wet and matted, and something moist and cold was running down her face. Blood . . . ?

He caught her exploratory fingers in a warm, reassuring hand. "Don't worry—it's only water. I've had the deuce of a job to bring you round. But I think you'll be all right. There's nothing but a lump—no skin broken."

Erica relaxed into a more comfortable position. She said dreamily: "Something hit me . . ."

"A human skunk," Mark said savagely.

"But why? What did happen?"

"Burglars—two of them. They got in through the skylight. And now leave off talking and keep perfectly quiet while I ring for a doctor. You're suffering from shock."

"Rubbish," she said, sitting up. Now she could focus a bit better she could see that Mark Prescott wasn't looking too good himself. One eye was purple shot with green, while blood was trickling sluggishly from a cut above the other. "They've slugged you, too," she said gravely. "Did they get away with much?"

He grinned suddenly, and something happened to Erica, although she couldn't think what it was.

"They didn't get away." He jerked his head towards a closed door. "They're in the kitchen. As soon as I've fixed you up I'll call the police and have them taken away."

His tone was grim, and Erica—whose heart was large enough to hold a place even for burglars—said faintly: "You've not killed them, have you?"

"I doubt it."

Very gently he disengaged himself, then bent and picked her up in his arms. "I'm going to put you to bed for a while. And don't bother to argue, because it won't get you anywhere. Understand?"

Erica nodded. She had never since childhood been carried in a man's arms. The experience was not, she found, without its charms.

The bedroom was a symphony of rose and silver, the bed as soft as a pink cloud. For a few moments she tried to remember if Gloria Wynne was a blonde or a brunette. Then she gave it up and went blissfully to sleep.

The next time she woke, a doctor was counting her pulse. He was elderly and avuncular, and, after a brief examination, said cautiously that, so far as he could tell, there wasn't a thing wrong that another twelve hours' sleep wouldn't put right. But she had better stay where she was. One never quite knew with shock . . .

Erica struggled to a sitting position. "I can't stay here. I've got to get home."

"Pipe down," said Mark, giving her a firm but friendly push.

The two men disappeared, and Erica, finding it easier after all to sink back on the cloud rather than look purposeful for the benefit of an empty room, gave herself up to her thoughts.

Mark was a masterful type, and she didn't quite know how to cope with him. Paul had not given her any practice in the art. Paul had other methods of getting his own way. Subtle and devious ways. She frowned.

A glance at her watch suggested that at this moment Paul was wasting the firm's money feeding Mrs. Jessup. Some smart place where the best people are seen eating the worst kind of food . . .

Suddenly she felt hungry and rather gloomily pictured all the effort involved in getting back to her Chelsea flat. An argument with Mark—a taxi—a climb up fifty-nine stairs and then—nothing in the fridge but a knob of fat and a tin of sardines.

The door opened and Mark came in with a tray. He set it down beside her, and she saw bowls of hot soup, crisp toast, and pat of butter. He sat on the bed and said casually: "Hungry?"

"Ravenous!"

They ate in silence—a companionable silence. Then Erica said suddenly: "But isn't the kitchen full of burglars?"

"They were removed while you slept. And any minute now there will be a policeman waiting to take down your statement. After that you can go to sleep again."

"I tell you I'm going home."

"Anyone to go home to?"

Sulkily she admitted that there wasn't.

"And not even engaged?"

"No."

He looked maddeningly smug. "Then what are you fussing about?"

"I'm not fussing, but I'm not spending the night in this flat. Thanks all the same, of course."

He laughed—a great shout of laughter that Erica might have appreciated under dif-

Erica had her head in the servery, and was blissfully unaware that she had company.





ferent conditions. "My dear young woman, you have only to take a look at yourself in a glass to appreciate that my reasons for wanting you to stay are purely altruistic. Here you are . . ."

He passed her a silver-backed mirror decorated with fat cupids and watched her stare unbelievably at her reflection. Her face was a dirty grey; her red-brown hair hung in dark rats' tails; there were dark shadows beneath her eyes.

"I look frightful."

"Yes. So now will you quit giving yourself the airs of the sultan's favorite and behave like a rational human being?"

She yawned deeply. "All right, you win. And hurry up with that policeman. I'm getting sleepy again."

When she woke up in the morning, she thought she must be dreaming. Her own bed was narrow and ascetic, this one was like something out of a French farce. Then, as she moved, a sharp pain darted through her head, and she tenderly felt her scalp. She grinned. One way and another, meeting Mark Prescott had been quite an adventure.

She tottered to the adjoining bathroom. It was luxurious to a degree. For the first

time in her life she could study her reflection from every angle. Her shape was all right, she decided, soaking in soft, scented water; it was just her face that let her down. Pale and puffy, with an incipient black eye. She giggled weakly. What on earth would Paul have to say?

Mark was beating a tattoo on the bedroom door. "Breakfast is ready."

"All right," she yelled, "be with you in a minute."

She rapidly dried herself in an enormous towel, then slipped into a handsome masculine, plum silk dressing-gown that she found hanging on the door. The smell of fried bacon came to her. Once again she was ravenously hungry.

They had breakfast in the kitchen at a little let-down table. The bacon was crisp, the fried bread succulent, the coffee strong and delicious. After the bacon they ate large quantities of toast and marmalade.

"How do you feel this morning?" Mark asked at the tail end of the meal.

"Pretty good."

"You don't look it, my poor girl. You look lousy."

"Thanks," Erica said indignantly. "And let me tell you, Mark Prescott, that you don't

look too good yourself. Apart from a black eye and a swollen lip, your hair needs cutting and it must be years since you had a manicure."

He grinned at her. "Plain girls should learn to be tactful and charming. It's their only chance."

Erica angrily poured herself another cup of coffee. The man was impossible. In running off to America, Gloria Wynne had shown a little sense . . . She stirred her coffee vigorously and Mark said mildly: "You shouldn't really take sugar, you know. Another twelve pounds and you'll be a little on the plump side. Something you can't afford to be—not at your age."

"Perhaps," she spluttered, "you'd like to tell me my age?"

He studied her dispassionately over the top of his cup. "At the moment you might be almost anything, but, making due allowances, I'd say twenty-seven."

"Not till next April," Erica snapped, "and what of it, smarty?"

He shook his head commiseratingly and clicked his teeth in a maddening way: "Going on for thirty and not even engaged. Sad—very sad."

Paul looked on disdainfully while Ruby attacked with her umbrella and Mark attempted rescue with a long paintbrush.

Erica jumped to her feet, pushed her battered face very close to his, and hissed: "At least I can say I've never been jilted!"

Before he could speak or even register an expression she rushed out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind her. By the time she had got into her neat dark suit her anger had cooled.

It was a frightful thing that she had said to Mark—unforgivable. All she could do was apologise and get out of his flat and his life as abruptly as she'd got into both . . .

He was waiting in the hall, and she said in a nervous little rush: "I was very rude just now. I'm—sorry."

He opened the door and let her through. "Don't give it a thought," he said kindly. "It was the happiest day of my life the day I was jilted. And if you ever get mixed up with that partner of yours, maybe one day you will be able to say the same."

Please turn to page 59

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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 17. September 26, 1951

LAUGHTER IS HEALTHY

"WE are strong enough to laugh at ourselves," said a United States official in occupied Germany recently when his attention was drawn to a German film which makes fun of occupation powers and is delighting audiences at Frankfurt.

The film is set in ancient Athens during a four-power occupation. The Macedonian delegate chews gum and sits with his feet on the table, the Cretan complains about austerity in his island, reiterating that his country won the war, the Corinthian looks like a Frenchman, and the fur-hatted Persian says only "Nyct" and "Vecto."

The comment of the American official is heartening to all those who fear that the ability to "laugh at ourselves" is one of the casualties of modern international relations.

It is true that the laughter might not be so jolly if this film did not make fun of all the occupation powers involved. It is easier to take jokes when others are also butts. In this the producers were shrewd.

Nevertheless it is good that the U.S. High Commission hasn't taken action against the film.

Wherever there is an occupation, there is always criticism from the occupied nation, varying from shy digs to bitterness. It is better that the criticism should be allowed some expression than to fester underground.

The ideal, of course, would be an occupation so conducted as to be beyond criticism. But occupation authorities are human beings with human weaknesses.

If they can at least keep their sense of humor they show one of the more admirable of human traits.

OUR COVER

... Artist Boothroyd depicts his idea of the perfect bride for our cover this week. With a gentle touch she adjusts the headdress of her flower girl. As bride-to-be, choose the Boothroyd bride's gown, one of the frocks presented by our fashion expert Mary Hordern, on pages 32 and 33, or adapt an idea from the photographs on page 29.

This week:

● Tasmania rates a larger share than usual of our space in this issue. On pages 20 and 21 are some beautiful scenic shots of the island which show how well it has earned a reputation as a holiday playground for mainland visitors. Page 16 deals with a very different aspect—the State's campaign against cancer. Zelia McLeod, who visited Tasmania to investigate the campaign, brought back an interesting and impressive report of the job being done by the State's health department.

● We predict that many readers will cut out and keep the color study on page 27 of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their babies. It's the kind of snapshot that rests in so many albums and makes one of the prettiest pictures possible—a happy, informal study of a happy family.

● Did you forget to cut out the quiz questions for our new £5000 contest announced last week? They're repeated on page 19 (with the rules on page 34) for your convenience, but we won't be publishing them every week.

Next week:

● Paris dress designer Jacques Fath gave a wonderful party in Paris recently—a 1925 party to which all the women among the 1000 guests wore dresses of that peculiar hideous period of fashion. Rene, one of our artists, who is abroad, and photographer Alex Murray were present, and we think you'll enjoy the pictures of it in our next issue nearly as much as they enjoyed the party. "They were the most ghastly collection of clothes," said Rene, "like apparitions looming up from the past to remind us of how awful we must have looked."

● On the serious side of fashion (fashion is always serious when it's current, funny when it's out of date), there are some magnificent color pictures in next week's paper taken at the Paris winter collections. As well, there's a page in color of lovely summer blooms for which patterns are available.

Our special book offer

Intimate story of Royalty

THE beautiful "Queen Mary" picture pageant book, which is the subject of The Australian Women's Weekly's offer to readers this week, is a heartwarming record of a woman and a queen.

In an advertisement on this page we tell you how to obtain your copy of a volume that will add distinction to every bookshelf.

From her birth in 1867 to her present gracious Queen Motherhood, Queen Mary's life is followed step by step in intimate reportage documented with a host of family pictures.

In a great, sweeping cavalcade, the "Queen Mary" book presents the fashions, customs, national events, reigning beauties, and leading women in every activity of the last 83 years.

To younger readers the book will be full of unexpected romance.

Within the pages of "Queen Mary" are all the elements of a great and human novel.

There is the tragic Victorian

romance (that prefaced her long and happy marriage to King George V) between the tall and graceful Princess Mary of Teck and Albert, Duke of Clarence.

After an engagement of less than a month the 28-year-old Duke, never of robust health, caught a chill and died.

He was the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and in direct succession to the throne. After a suitable period had passed, the engagement of Princess Mary to his younger brother, George, Duke of York, was announced.

The future Queen Mary's mother was the daughter of the

gay and extravagant daughter of the Duke of Cambridge. Her father was a handsome ex-officer of the Austrian army.

To allow Princess Mary to make her debut it was necessary for the family to return from Italy, where they had been living in a modest home in temporary financial embarrassment brought on by the pleasure-loving Duchess' reckless expenditure.

Queen Mary in her girlhood and young wifehood was enchanting. Pictures show her as possessing the lovely sloping shoulders of the true Edwardian, an hour-glass waist, and the most beguiling expression of tenderness touched with whimsy.

As her story unfolds, the reader can see her young beauty firm, strengthen, and finally settle into the regal mould of maturity and experience that to-day makes the face that is loved throughout the British Empire.

With its sense of history and enormous personal appeal, "Queen Mary" will charm both old and young.

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Tasmania opens war on cancer

In the next few weeks the Tasmanian Department of Public Health will open two free walk-off-the-street cancer-detection clinics as the first step in a State-wide drive against the disease.

IN the civilised world, diseases of the heart cause most deaths among adult men and women. Cancer causes the next highest death-rate. As well, it is one of the most dreaded and painful of diseases.

In Australia one out of every eight deaths is due to cancer.

In 1949 (the last year for which figures are available) the total number of deaths in Australia from all causes was 75,260. Of these 26,103 people died of diseases of the circulatory system, including diseases of the heart.

Cancer killed 9930 people. Statistics show that cancer kills more men than women. Of the 9930 people who died of cancer, 5013 were men, 4917 were women.

The cancer rate may slowly increase in Australia because we are an ageing community in which every ninth person is over 60.

Cancer is a disease of age. The danger period is from 40 onward.

Cancer is also an insidious disease. In the early stages it is painless. By the time the disease has become painful doctors can often do nothing for the patient.

For these reasons the Tasmanian Health Department has decided on a State-wide campaign on cancer-detection, because doctors can cure many types of cancer if the disease is detected early enough.

The Tasmanian Health Department will open the anti-cancer campaign with a short pamphlet describing cancer symptoms. The Department will send one of these pamphlets into each of Tasmania's 168,000 homes.

The pamphlet will ask citizens either to visit their own personal doctor for a cancer-detection examination, or go to a free Government-run cancer-detection clinic.

On the day the pamphlets go out in the post the Tasmanian Health Department will open two cancer-detection clinics, one in Hobart, the other in Launceston.

At the same time the department will start a carefully organised radio and newspaper campaign warning people of the need to have a regular six-monthly cancer-detection medical examination.

Organiser of the anti-cancer campaign is Tasmania's Minister for Health, Dr. R. J. D. Turnbull. Aged 43, he runs a medical practice in Hobart as well as carrying on his Ministerial duties.

His idea is that the Government clinics shall give patients the privacy they would get from a personal doctor.

As a result, the clinics will not be directly associated with any hospital.

The staff of each clinic will include an experienced surgeon, a gynaecologist, a nurse, and secretarial personnel.

Citizens will be able to make an appointment for an exam-

ination or simply walk in off the street as the idea and opportunity occur.

Dr. Turnbull hopes to open more walk-in-off-the-street cancer-detection clinics throughout Tasmania as people become accustomed to having a regular cancer-detection check-up.

More than that, he hopes to get people in the danger age-group from 40 onward into the habit of seeing their physician at regular intervals.

Dr. C. Craig, of Launceston, director of the anti-cancer campaign, is the author of the pamphlet on cancer that the department will post to all householders.

This document gives excellent information on cancer.

For example, it shows that a Ministry of Health report in England reveals that 90 per cent. of women treated for breast cancer in the early stage are cured.

The booklet lists warning symptoms that may be due to cancer, such as lumps or thickenings anywhere in the body, sores, ulcers, and cracks that will not heal, irregular or unexplained bleeding from one of the openings of the body, change in the color or size of a wart, mole, or birthmark.

Other warning signs that may indicate cancer are per-

By **ZELIE McLEOD**

letin on cancer that will go to every doctor in the State.

This bulletin will be a complete record of cancer as it occurs in Tasmania. Every cancer case will be listed from the time it is diagnosed. The bulletin will give the type of treatment given in each case and its results.

Every doctor in Tasmania will thus have a record of cancer that would be impossible for him to compile himself.

The defeat of cancer is medi-

cine's most challenging problem. Scientists will eventually find the cure. What researchers seek is the key that will make all their accumulated knowledge of cancer fall into place.

Medical men know that cancer is as old as life. Men,



DOCTORS can promise cures in many types of cancer if these are detected early enough. They point out that many T.B. and V.D. cures have been effected because of early treatment due to the public's lessened fear of the disease.

into the causes of cancer instead of basing research projects on animals.

Last year, during a public speech on cancer research, Dr. Alexander Symeonidis, one of America's great cancer specialists, said:

"Up till now, cancer research has focused predominantly on animals. Nature has been running its own experiment for us all these years while many of us have stuck to rats."

"Let us begin to watch nature's experiment as it has never been watched before. By finding the causes of cancer we can work towards eliminating them and saving millions of lives. And before we can find the why of cancer we must find the where."

By this, Dr. Symeonidis means that the best way doctors can learn more about cancer and the causes of cancer is to gather all the information they can on cancer as the disease occurs day by day among humans.

American health departments, both State and Federal, now operate free, walk-in-off-the-street cancer-detection clinics in almost every town of any size in the United States.

In high schools teachers give pupils a course on cancer which makes them familiar with the physical symptoms that may indicate cancer.

The Tasmanian Department of Public Health has based its cancer-detection clinics on the American pattern.

This is an idea that some of the mainland States may consider if the Tasmanian experiment proves successful.

The fight against cancer is one of the toughest facing the medical profession. The general public has its part to play in the battle.

If people co-operate by having regular cancer-detection examinations the cancer death-rate will fall, and doctors will get vital information about cancer in the early stage that will finally help to defeat this secret killer.

Detection clinics

THE new cancer clinics in Tasmania extend an already highly organised and successful health service which includes compulsory X-ray examinations for T.B.

Every year all citizens aged between 14 and 52 years must report for a T.B. X-ray examination. Every month the department calls up different age groups, starting from the 14-to-16-year-old boys and girls.

The examination takes one minute. Citizens do not even have to undress. Mobile clinics service country areas.

The penalty for avoiding the T.B. examination is £50. No citizen has yet been fined.

During the first year of the compulsory system ending June, 1951, 42,000 people were X-rayed.

sistent headaches, indigestion, changes in bowel habits, hoarseness, difficulty in swallowing, and coughing. Epilepsy is another warning sign.

As the pamphlet points out, these signs do not necessarily mean the sufferer has cancer. They do, however, require immediate medical attention.

The pamphlet also disposes of several superstitions.

Among these are the frightening superstitions that cancer is inherited, that the disease is contagious, that food gives cancer, and that certain occupations cause cancer.

For those citizens who want to know something in more detail on the subject, Dr. Turnbull has prepared a longer pamphlet which people can get free of charge from bookstalls or from Government departments.

As another important move in the fight against cancer, the Tasmanian Health Department will issue a monthly bul-

animals, and plants have died from cancer since the world began.

But thoroughly scientific investigation into cancer began only 50 years ago.

Surgeons now remove cancers and tumors from parts of the body no surgeon dared touch 20 years ago. X-ray and radium treatment of cancer save many lives.

Scientists are now opening up another method of cancer treatment, the chemotherapeutic or medical stage of treatment, where doctors use new life-saving drugs.

Dr. Busi, head of the Organic Chemistry Department of the Paris Radium Institute, recently announced he had found that a drug, parahydroxy propiophenone, cured certain types of cancer.

There is also another new movement in cancer research, especially in the United States.

This new move is to concentrate more on human research

R.A.A.F. air cadets enjoy ski-ing lessons



R.A.A.F. CADETS make formation to climb a slope at Mt. Buller snowfields, Victoria. From left to right they are: Air Cadets Brian Avis, of N.S.W.; Mick Lyons, of Queensland; Bernard Johnson, of Victoria; Hal Paine, of New Zealand; and Martie Burke, of Brisbane.



NEW ZEALANDER Doug Lack is threatened with a snowball by Adrian Furness, of Brisbane, while Peter Reed, of Sydney (left), Stewart Wilson, of Trepallyn, N.S.W. (right), and Arnold Ellis, of Wagga, N.S.W. (above), watch with gleeful anticipation.

Week's tuition on the snowfields is like a holiday

Twenty-six fourth-class air cadets, doing their first year of R.A.A.F. training at Point Cook, Victoria, spent a week learning to ski at Victoria's Mt. Buller snowfields.

FOR most of the cadets it was their first attempt at ski-ing.

In learning to ski, they practised co-ordination of mind and muscle. Their ability to think and act quickly and their adaptability to the snow country were observed by officers who accompanied them.

Squadron Leader Ken Andrews, senior flying instructor at Point Cook and officer

in command of the trip to Mt. Buller, said that if the cadets were sent to snow country during future service with the R.A.A.F. they would know enough about ski-ing to be able, at least, to keep on their feet.

"This trip is also a rest from intense academic studies, and discipline is watered down to holiday standard," he added.

Officers and cadets made their headquarters for the week

By
JUDITH EDDIE,
staff reporter

at the Victorian Ski Club's Ivor Whittaker Lodge. They were led from the snowline by handle-bar-moustached Flight-Lieutenant Rod Hamstein.

The cadets, with home-made skis and stocks, had an entertaining week. Every day, for an hour, they were given a lesson by ski-instructor Max Otter, who comes from Innsbruck, Austria.

He took the cadets through their paces, starting with the snow plough and snow-plough turn. By the end of the week they were shown the intricacies of the stem-Christiana, a swift turn at high speed,



COMMUNITY SINGING after a day's ski-ing is led by three officers, Pilot-Officers George Tarnridge (left) and John Paech, and Squadron-Leader Ken Andrews. First year cadets are not allowed to smoke until they are eighteen. Alcohol is strictly forbidden, and they may not become engaged or marry. Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Mann.



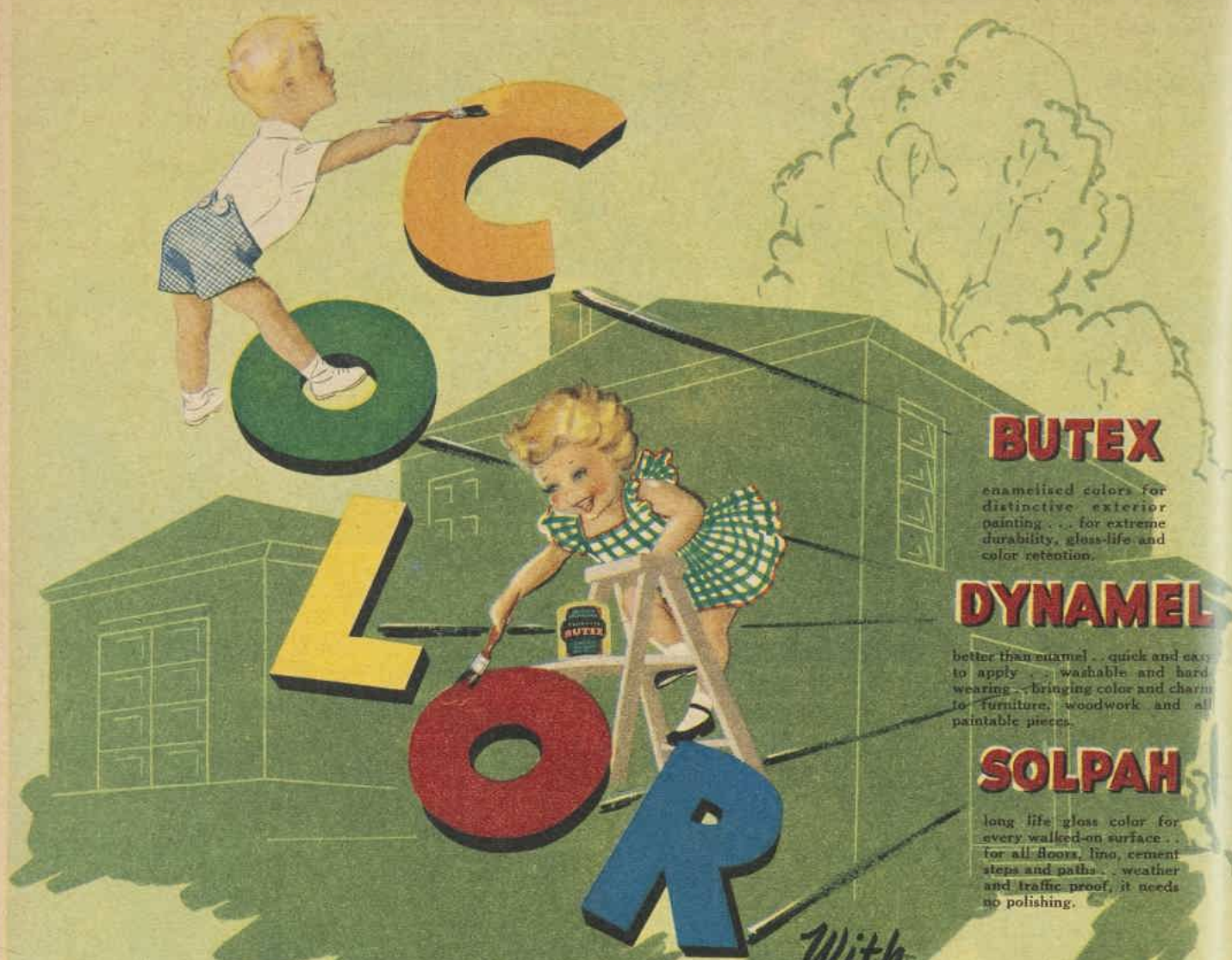
CASUALTY. Flight Cadet Anwar Shamim, of Pakistan, is helped back to the Lodge, after twisting his leg in a fall, by instructor Max Otter (left) and Air Cadet Norm Ashworth, of Subiaco, W.A.



LACK of balance results in "down to earth" action for Air Cadet John Downing, of Albany, W.A. During their first efforts on skis the cadets found that falling was the easiest way of stopping at the end of a run. They used skis and stocks to avoid sliding downhill again.



ADJUSTMENTS to skis are made by Pakistani Flight Cadet Vikar Alvi (left) and Air Cadet Ross De Vere, of Melbourne. The Pakistan Government sent Vikar Alvi and Anwar Shamim to Australia for experience.



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£5000 QUIZ CONTEST

The Australian Women's Weekly's absorbing Quiz Contest announced last week has met with an immediate, enthusiastic response.

READERS are showing marked individuality in their approach to the questions. The special staff sorting and classifying entries has found no two answers alike.

Each quiz is a complete contest in itself and carries a first prize of £1000. You need not answer all three quizzes, but you must answer the ten questions in any quiz or quizzes you select.

Address your entries: Quiz Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. The contest rules will be found on page 31.

Romance Quiz

1—Suggest four golden rules for girls—nice girls—who wish to be attractive to the opposite sex.

2—You are a working girl with ambitions. Your wardrobe is adequate for your workaday life, but you often wish for something more suitable for parties. You are suddenly presented with £100 to spend on clothes, and decide to set yourself up with things suitable for a smarter social life. Assuming you have a good winter coat, how would you lay out the money to be of advantage not only this summer but for several seasons?

3—What are the three best beauty hints you know?

4—Suppose you are a salesgirl in a big department store. The new head of your department, in charge of a large number of girls, is an attractive young man who is noticing you with special interest. You believe he would like to ask you out, but is afraid that it would be unwise because of your respective working positions. How would you go about encouraging his interest while at the same time indicating that you are the soul of discretion and that friendship with you would never prove an embarrassment in working hours?

5—Your methods prove successful, and soon you are seeing the young man regularly. However, his mother, while committing no breach of good manners, receives you coolly, and after a few visits to his home you come to the conclusion she thinks her son might do better for himself. What would you do to try to win her confidence, and if you failed what would you do then?

6—Anyway, you begin to pop a few treasures in your bottom drawer. List the items of house linen you think any girl should offer as her contribution to the future home. Outline an idea for one set of table linen that would give a touseau an individual touch.

7—Love conquers all, you think, when you accept his ring, followed by other presents designed to grace your joint future home. But six months later you find you are no longer happy in the engagement (though this is not due to any grave fault in his behaviour to you or his character), and decide to end it. What action would you take in announcing your change of heart to your fiancé and your friends?

8—Time marches on. A couple of years later you are living in another town or suburb and at last meet your true love. He has only one fault, a strong sense of jealousy. He asks you to marry him, you say yes, and you wonder whether to tell him of your previous engagement or take a chance he will never hear of it. What do you decide, and why?

9—Out of the wisdom of your experience, suggest three ways (apart from beauty care and attention to dress) in which a girl can develop her personality.

10—Suggest four golden rules for the man who wants to rate as a charming escort.

Office Quiz

1—Suggest four golden rules for career girls.

2—Suppose you are a shorthand-typist with three years' experience in a general office. Your shorthand and typing are good, you consider yourself alert, well informed, and worthy of a better job. So answer the following advertisement:

WANTED: Experienced stenographer as secretary to executive of large company. Only girls with personality and willing to concentrate on exacting job will be considered. Reply, stating educational and business qualifications, to Executive, Box 6262, Blanktown.

3—Congratulations, you got the job. Till now your clothes purchases have been limited by your small salary. This winter you managed to buy a good topcoat, but you have nothing the very good. Suddenly you are given £100 to spend on clothes. How would you lay out the money to benefit for several seasons ahead as well as for this summer?

4—Your new chief is a nervy, forgetful man. At 10.55 one morning you discover he has made an appointment for 11 a.m. with one important client, forgetting that you have already made an appointment with another equally important for the same time. They arrive together. What do you do?

5—The organisation for which you now work covers many different activities. A letter comes in which requires information from a number of different departments before your chief can draft the final answer. What steps would you take to see that it was quickly dealt with by each one?

6—You're proving so efficient all sorts of little problems come to you to be solved. For instance, there has been a great increase in the consumption of notepaper, envelopes, paper clips, pencils, nibs, etc., and it has been suggested that staff members supply their personal needs from office stocks. You are told to stop it. Draft a memo, calling for economy in all departments in the use of all kinds of stationery.

7—Now you are answering tricky letters yourself. This morning there is a letter from a valued but troublesome customer of your firm, complaining that some items of a consignment of

FULL LIST OF PRIZES

£1000	for best answer to each quiz	£3000
£250	for second best answer to each quiz	£750
£100	for third best answer to each quiz	£300
£20	for best answer to any question (30 prizes of £20)	£600
£10	for second best answer to any question (30 prizes of £10)	£300
£1	for witty replies (50 consolation prizes)	£50
		£5000

goods received at his shop were damaged in transit. You must write a firm but inoffensive letter which states that the goods were undamaged when they left your firm's factory, that they were carried by one of the most reliable of your transport personnel, and that it is possible that they were damaged on his premises. The name of your firm is A. B. C. D. Jones Pty. Ltd., 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, general merchants, cable address Dosei. The letter goes out from the sales manager, Mr. A. B. C. Smith, to the general manager of the firm of X. Y. Z. Brown and Sons, 60 Regent Street, Sydney. (Answer to this question is to be the whole letter typed and set out completely with the firm's name and details shown as if on a printed letterhead.)

8—You are shocked at the sight of this envelope in the mail one morning. Tabulate the errors made in addressing it.

F. PINE, Esq., B.Sc. MBE,
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9—You are successful now, and well paid, but find that you are concentrating too much on your career and cutting yourself off from normal women's interests. State why this is a bad thing and what you will do to avoid loss of femininity.

10—Suggest four golden rules for employers.

Homemaker Quiz

1—Suggest four golden rules for homemakers.

2—You are an average housewife running a home on an average income. Your wardrobe is limited, you have a good winter topcoat, but nothing else of much value. Suddenly you are given £100, which you must spend all at once on clothes. State what you would buy with that money so that you would benefit not only this summer, but for several seasons to come.

3—Yesterday afternoon you went to a kitchen tea at which each guest had to write down her favorite household hint for the bride-to-be. What did you write?

4—To-day your husband rings you at 4 p.m. to say he is bringing home a business friend for dinner. You have been out shopping and intended to have a quick meal, for which you bought four chops and one pound of green peas. You have a small end of cold roast mutton and your pantry holds the ordinary household needs, including eggs, cheese, bacon, tomatoes, potatoes, plus the following tinned or bottled goods: Meat loaf, asparagus cuts, fish paste, capers, spaghetti, baked beans, white salmon, halved peaches. There are no savory biscuits or crackers. You expect husband and guest by 6 p.m., and consider the meal should be on the table by 7 o'clock. How will you turn the scratch meal into a festive dinner? You can use a pressure cooker if you wish.

5—The years go by and your eight-year-old Bobby is at school. One day he brings home a note from his teacher, saying he is lazy and inattentive and asking you to speak to him. You feel, like most mothers, that Bobby's teacher doesn't understand him, because you know Bobby doesn't like the teacher. Then, thinking it over, you realise Bobby is lazy and inattentive at home, too. How do you deal with this situation?

6—Your neighbor, like you, is worried about her household bills. Help her by giving your recipe for the most economical main-dinner dish you know, in quantities for a family of six.

7—Your neighbor's son has a motor-bike and is in the habit of roaring home noisily late at night. You are on good terms with the family, and have previously mentioned this matter mildly to the boy's mother without result. Your husband is quick-tempered and outspoken, and you want to get the matter settled without his intervention. What would you do about it?

8—Out of the wisdom of your housekeeping experience, outline a day-to-day plan of household duties for a week in a three-bedroom house for a family consisting of husband, wife, and two schoolchildren.

9—You begin to feel yourself submerged in mundane, home duties. You have only a little pocket-money to spare. What steps will you take to get yourself again in touch with current affairs and the wider world?

10—Suggest four golden rules for husbands.

KEEP THIS PAGE. The quiz questions will NOT be published every week during the course of the contest.

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53/123 IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

Tasmanian countryside has look of England



THE LITTLE SWANPORT RIVER (above), in the East Coast district of Tasmania, flows through pastoral, lightly timbered country, marked with old stone bridges, log fences, and century-old homesteads graced with fine English trees, and surrounded by stone walls.

LIKE A VAN GOGH painting is this view of Bushy Park, on the Derwent, where the hops have been harvested, and the poplars are turning yellow in the afternoon sunlight. The poplars are planted in rows, to act as wind-breaks for the hops grown on high-strung wires.



● Visitors to Tasmania often compare its scenery with that of parts of England. These photographs taken by David Russell during a recent holiday trip show that the comparison is justified.

THE beautiful county of Kent has its counterpart in the orchards and hop-fields of the famous Derwent Valley. Replicas of country villages can be seen, and hawthorn hedgerows and English trees abound.

The red soils and the prosperous dairy farms remind people of Devon.

Homes of pioneer families,

too, bear a similarity to English country houses, and some of the older houses in Hobart and other towns are English in design.

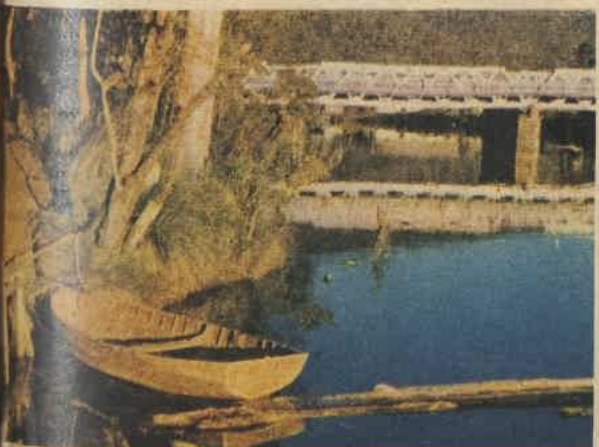
The beautiful Tasmanian coastline is broken with broad estuaries and land-locked harbors, rugged cliffs, and golden beaches, which make an ideal playground for the yachtsman, bather, or sea-angler.



OLD MALTING-HOUSE and barn at Ellendale, in the hop-growing district, once used for the storing and treatment of hops. Now maltings are on a co-operative basis, and such barns have fallen into disuse.



WHEN THIS PICTURE was taken from Mount Wellington, the mountain, often snow-capped, was veiled in cloud so that Hobart and the Derwent, 4156 feet below, appeared blue and hazy in the morning sunlight.



THE HUON RIVER at first light on a winter morning. The Huon winds through the apple and pear orchards. The bridge leads to Huonville, where the fine berry fruits also grown in the district are processed.



MACLEAN BAY, north of Bicheno, on the East Coast. Bicheno was once a flourishing whaling station, and ruins of the old buildings may still be seen on the waterfront. To-day it is a popular swimming and fishing resort. Wide stretches of beaches with white sand make it an ideal spot where the holiday-maker can relax.



A SCHOONER from Fremantle moors at the Mersey River Estuary at Devonport, on the North Coast, near the chocolate soil belt of farm country (above).

HUONVILLE, on Huon Peninsula, in the calm of early morning. In the packing-sheds on the wharves apples and pears are prepared for shipment overseas.



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STARS Elaine Fifeild and David Poole (above) in a
scene from "Pineapple Poll." At right: Famous Aus-
tralian dancer Robert Helpmann (right) visits
Elaine Fifeild and David Poole backstage at
Sadler's Wells.



Australian dancer may be new Pavlova

On the eve of her departure for
America, Australian ballerina Elaine
Fifeild has been "discovered" by London.

WITH little publicity
preceding her, this
20-year-old Sydney girl
will dance across Canada
and the United States with
the Sadler's Wells Theatre
Ballet in the steps of
Britain's "Queen of Bal-
let," Margot Fonteyn, and
America's special favorite,
Moiira ("Red Shoes")
Shearer.

Average age of the troupe
of 47 dancers in the Sadler's
Wells Theatre Ballet to tour
America is 21.

They leave Liverpool on
September 24 in the Empress
of France, in which Princess
Elizabeth and the Duke of
Edinburgh are crossing for
their Canadian visit.

The company's repertoire
for their six months' tour of
64 cities includes 16 ballets.

The two main offerings are
a full-length version of "Cop-
pelia," recently danced for
the first time in England, and two
scenes from "Casse Noisette."

Elaine Fifeild will dance the
lead in both "Coppelia" and
"Casse Noisette" at the Que-
bec opening on October 5.

Although she has danced
successfully with the Sadler's
Wells Theatre Ballet for four
years, it was not till early this
month that she made a sensa-
tion in "Coppelia."

Watching Elaine, theatre
director Ninette de Valois
predicted: "She will go to the
top."

Russo-American impresario
Sol Hurok, who has taken
the Sadler's Wells Ballet to
America for the past two
years, said, "I have managed
all the great ones, including
Pavlova and Danilova. Fifi
is in that class."

Elaine Fifeild began danc-
ing when she was eight. Her

parents, Mr. and Mrs. L.
Fifeild, of Concord, N.S.W.,
have never seen her dance
a big role.

They are hoping to go to
San Francisco to see her this
Christmas.

Elaine left Frances Scully's
school in Sydney, arriving in
London in 1945 to join the
Sadler's Wells Theatre
School.

Almost four years later she
was chosen as lead in the
Wells revival of "Les Ren-
dezvous," the part Markova
created in 1933 and which
was later danced by Margot
Fonteyn.

Elaine has two personalities,

one on-stage, the other off-
stage.

The dancer has a groomed
technique, acts wittily and
with insight.

Hurok says, "Some dancers
are a little cold. But when
Fifi comes on stage she sets
you alight."

The off-stage Elaine is
calm, and her London life is
unspectacular.

She lives at the Royal
Academy Dancing Hostel. Her
hobby is collecting opera
records. She says her greatest
joys are listening to Caruso
and riding in a fast motor car.

Elaine wears her hair
below-shoulder-length in a
smooth, brown page-boy,
which she coils simply into

the classic ballerina's coiffure
for dancing.

She is slender, almost thin,
with unusually long arms and
long hands.

In "Coppelia" and "Casse
Noisette" Elaine dances with
Yorkshire-born David Poole,
20-year-old product of the
Sadler's Wells Theatre School.

Handsome, dark-haired
Poole is said to be a better
dancer than Robert Help-
mann, although, perhaps, not
his equal as an actor. Poole is
purely a classic male dancer in
the Diaghileff tradition.

London and some provincial
English cities have had a pre-
view of the American reper-
toire.

It includes "Pineapple Poll,"
an earlier Fifeild success and
Festival season hit.

All the youngsters in the
ballet troupe are hoping that
somewhere in Canada their
tour may cross Princess Eliza-
beth's, so they will "appear"
in the same city at the same
time.

Twenty tons of scenery and
costumes accompany the
troupe in the Empress of
France. Five "windowless
bungalows," housing more than
1000 costumes, enable the cos-
tumes to be packed without
being folded.

The dancers have 300 pairs
of shoes with them. A chain
of parcels following by trans-
atlantic post will provide more
than 1200 pairs from their
London shoemakers, meeting
each dancer's need of a new
pair of shoes each week.

The company represents the
British Empire, with two
Canadians, four South
Africans, two New Zealanders,
and two Australians.

The other Australian is
brown-eyed Joan Cadzow, 21-
year-old Melbourne girl.

The New Zealanders are
Sara Neil, 19, of Wellington,
who changed her name from
Dorcen Brown, and Donald
McAlpine, 20, of Auckland.

Elaine Fifeild has resisted
the temptation to change her
name. She shares the youthful
feeling common in Britain
nowadays that British dancers
should have British names.



SADLER'S WELLS assistant conductor Charles Mackerras
discusses a score with Elaine Fifeild. Mackerras, 25-year-old
musician, formerly of Sydney, adapted the music for "Pine-
apple Poll" from the Gilbert and Sullivan "Bumboat Stories."

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Darwin goes to the fair



SECTION of Darwin's mixed population examining the cultural, floral, and agricultural displays in the main pavilion at the Showground. The profit of £400 made on the Darwin Exhibition will be devoted to bigger and better shows.



PRESIDENT of Maranga and Rural Districts Progress Association Frank Beaton, who opened the Show.

Territory's display starred snakes, sideshows, cabbages, and culture

Men, women, and children—whites, Chinese, half-castes, and full-blooded aborigines—migrated from Darwin to a small cluster of rusty iron buildings six miles away to see the town's first Show for 45 years.

Four thousand people in their "Sunday best" packed the area to see the North's attempt to rival Sydney's Royal Easter Show.

THE Darwin Show had everything—sideshows, glittering commercial displays, prize livestock, and splendid agricultural samples which would make any southern housewife shout with delight.

The Show, or Darwin Exhibition as it was officially named, was organised by the Maranga and Rural Districts Progress Association to give Darwin's agricultural production a much-needed boost.



HUNTER Paul Becker with a 7ft. water snake he caught in the outback and exhibited at the Show.

For years people have said that top-quality food could not be grown in this area because there was not enough water during the "dry" season.

Yet a huge army was kept here during the war on fresh vegetables grown at large market-gardens near the camps.

Since the war, production of fruit and vegetables has dropped so much that they are now regularly "imported" by air from southern States.

The Show was designed to stimulate production and prove to the locals that their Territory could produce goods equal to anything grown in other parts of Australia.

The Maranga and Rural Districts Progress Association was formed last year by small market-gardeners, poultry farmers, and a few Government servants.

The aim of the Association was to advise the Northern Territory Administration on the needs of their district.

Backed by the armed services, the Administration Department, and Works and Housing gangs, the organisers made such a success of the Exhibition that they were more surprised than the Darwin sceptics.

The sceptics tried to discourage the organisers by an "It can't be done" attitude,

but the Show was staged with only three months' notice.

Its success has given Darwin a terrific boost. Nothing will now stop the organisers from pressing ahead with their demands for electricity and a first-class water supply.

The Showground was a large R.A.A.F. camp during the war years. Among the wartime buildings still standing is a large recreation hall which may ultimately become Darwin's town hall.

The hall and a few old corrugated-iron structures became a busy metropolis overnight.

On Friday afternoon there were few signs that a big Show would be held the next day.

Then about 200 men and women, including Administration work gangs and electricians, arrived at the grounds, laid out the display tents and the sideshows, and arranged the exhibits.

Many worked through the night to get their exhibits ready for the opening at 10 o'clock on the Saturday.

Despite swirling dust and glaring sun, thousands of neatly dressed people; women in light summer frocks and men in white or khaki tropical dress, adopted the bush-picnic spirit as they thronged the Showground.

Morning and afternoon teas and cool drinks were rushed at five different stalls, four of them organised by women of the Maranga Kindergarten, the Australian Red Cross, the Girl Guides' Association, and the Country Women's Association.

A liquor booth sold 4000 bottles of beer, stout, and lemonade. Prices of 4/6 for a bottle of beer and 4/- a bottle for stout were no deterrent to the thirsty.



SECTION of the adult and children's art displays. The displays were popular with feminine Show visitors; masculine Territorians preferred the agricultural exhibits.

First show in 45 years



"WILD BUFFALO" in sideshow alley was a frightened calf caught by a local station owner. Natives reversed the "under-the-tent" technique favored by small boys at circuses and shinned trees to get a free look at the sideshows.

Adults and children jammed the ever-popular sideshows scattered throughout the ground.

Many natives shinned up trees to have a free look at the shows. Their yakkaying (shouting) could be heard throughout the ground. Unknowingly, they gave free advertising for the shows.

Native interest centred on the boxing display, which was made up of a series of slugging bouts between Australian Navy volunteers, N.Z. servicemen, and locals.

The New Zealanders, many of them Maoris, were survivors of the troopship Wahine, which was wrecked 300 miles north-west of Darwin.

The local pugs found the R.A.N. men a tough proposition, but there were few "killings," because the fighters were usually well matched.

Well-known hunter Paul Becker had a crocodile and snake show, which attracted big crowds.

Paul worked hard to get the five crocodiles and snakes. His was probably the biggest and most risky individual effort for the Show.

He went bush for ten days to catch live crocodiles. He knew he was making his hunting trip during the breeding season and that the crocs. would be savage.

One 9ft. crocodile he caught was quickly tied to a tree, but it committed "suicide" by hitting its head against the tree until it died. Two 6ft. crocodiles apparently could not stand the heat, and died two days after being caught.

However, Paul returned with one crocodile more than 5ft. long, and several 4ft. specimens. He also got some large pythons and a beautifully marked golden tree-snake.

Becker, who had only a few hours' sleep before the Show, became tired during the day, and in a careless moment was mauled on the arm by a crocodile he picked up.

Mr. Bob Steele, one of the organisers of the Show, was the collector for the "wild buffalo" sideshow.

Bob was rather cautious at

the door, and asked for a six-penny donation to the Show funds. His caution was well justified.

The "wild buffalo" was a calf about six months old, and almost quiet enough to be a pet.

Jim Farrer, a young station owner, had caught the calf while hunting barefooted.

The woodchopping competition had one really experienced competitor. He arrived barefooted and minus one of his big toes. He had lost the toe in a previous woodchop.

The agricultural section showed what hard work and care can produce in the tropical north. A big table laden with tropical fruit and vegetables stood in the centre of the hall.

Market-gardeners won prizes for tomatoes weighing more than 2lb. each, beans a foot long and two inches wide.

Some of the lettuces exhibited were as big as cabbages, and cabbages were twice the normal size.

The prizewinning bunch of bananas weighed 80lb. and contained more than 200 bananas.

The Methodist Overseas Mission won the main cultural prizes. The mission society exhibited aboriginal works of art from Goulbourn Island, Millingimbi, Elcho Island, and Yirrkala Mission on the Arnhem Land coast.

Many spectators ordered woven pandanus baskets, handbags, and grass mats after seeing the exhibits.

Several full-blooded Arnhemlanders stood guard over their valuable exhibits during the day.

R. G. Barkla and H. Berlowitz won first prize in the building trades and supplies exhibits with a white ants exhibition.

Among their exhibits was a photograph of a stainless steel knife penetrated by white ants.

The Maranga Association wants to hand over some of the £400 Show profit to a full-scale Show Society, which they hope will conduct "bigger and brighter Shows" every year to attract southern visitors.



HUSKY R.A.N. men at the Darwin Show were ready to take on all comers at the boxing booth. The New Zealand serviceman has just accepted the challenge.



OLD TERRITORIAN Mrs. J. S. Litchfield expresses pride in the Show, another milestone in the development of the Northern Territory.



NEW ZEALAND servicemen from the Wahine, which was wrecked 300 miles north-west of Darwin before the Show, were among the contestants in the woodchop.



UNDERWATER CORROSION. Metal exhibits were recently raised from a ship which was sunk in Darwin harbor by the Japanese in 1942. Suspended is a saw from a 16ft. sawfish.

*Light as a flutter
of butterfly wings...*



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DIANA ANDREWS, lovely Sydney model, says: "In front of the cameras and at fashion parades, my hair must *always* be soft, shining and easy to manage. That's why I always use Napro Hair Vitalizer."



Napro solves the problem of after-perm frizziness

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and Stores everywhere.



NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS

● **PRINCESS ELIZABETH** and the Duke of Edinburgh with their two young children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, make a pretty picture of domesticity. Lively little Princess Anne, who celebrated her first birthday when the picture was taken, playfully pushes her small hand against her father's mouth.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1951

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SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK. Pretty guest Eileen Donohoe signs the visitors' book, which is held by bridesmaid Adelina Agbayani at the reception at the home of Dr. Roberto Regala, Minister for the Philippines, and Mrs. Regala at Darling Point.



AT WESLEY CHAPEL. Dr. Roberto Regala arrives at Wesley Chapel with his daughter Elfrida for her marriage with Felix Maramba, jun. Elfrida's white satin gown had a hand-embroidered train. For the reception at night she wore the dress without the train.

Diplomat's daughter weds

SYDNEY'S first diplomatic wedding was that of Elfrida, daughter of the Minister for the Philippines, Dr. Roberto Regala, to Felix Maramba, jun., at Wesley Chapel. The ceremony at 4 p.m. was followed by a ball at the bride's parents' home in the evening.



SUPPER ON THE STAIRS. Mrs. Roberto Regala (left) talks with her guests Madame J. Strauss, wife of the Consul-General for France, the Begum Haroon, Mr. K. H. Rahman (left), Trade Commissioner for Pakistan, and Mr. Yusuf Haroon, the High Commissioner for Pakistan, while sitting together on the stairs during the buffet supper at the wedding reception.



CARVING THE TURKEY. Mrs. J. P. McCauley (right) carves the turkey for Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hauslaib at the buffet supper at the ball which Dr. and Mrs. Regala gave to celebrate the marriage of their daughter Elfrida.



WEDDING WALTZ. The bride and bridegroom, Elfrida and Felix Maramba, dance the wedding waltz together in the ballroom of the bride's parents' home. Elfrida's slipper satin wedding gown was made by her mother, and the camisa sleeves, a feature of the Filipino national dress, were specially flown from Manila.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Felix Maramba and his bride, formerly Elfrida Regala, cut the three-tiered wedding cake at the reception. The couple are honeymooning in Tasmania and will make their future home in Manila. The bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Maramba, sen., were unable to fly from Manila for the wedding.



KISS FOR THE BRIDE. Pamela Guille kisses Elfrida when she greets her at the entrance to the ballroom under a floral bell. Bridegroom Felix Maramba and Kenneth Palmer look on. Pamela later caught the bridal bouquet of white orchids when Elfrida threw it from the stairway before leaving for her honeymoon. Elfrida's youngest sister, Betty, was a bridesmaid with Adelina Agbayani.



INSPECTING THE WEDDING PRESENTS. Mrs. R. Agbayani (left), Mrs. A. V. Marvell, Mrs. F. C. Vrisakis, and Mr. Justice Marvell inspect the wedding presents at the reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Roberto Regala after their daughter's wedding at Wesley Chapel. Felix was attended by Colin de Groot and Elfrida's brothers, Robert and Teddy Regala. Pamela and Michael Ingalls, Dr. and Mrs. Bill Inglis' children, were flower-girl and page.

SPRING WEDDINGS

Palest pastel pink is news for wedding dresses, though it can never eclipse the bridal appeal of white. Flowery sheers look enchanting on the youthful bridesmaid. For the more sophisticated, there are elegantly tailored failles and pique.



● Bridesmaid dresses, above designed by Linzi in flowered white organdie, have sashes of wide black velvet ribbon. ● Frederick Starke's new season's bridal dress, below, is made in corded silk. The model has a sweeping overskirt.



● French designer La Faurie styled the white pique model, above, for a bridal attendant or informal bridal ensemble. The bodice is embroidered with minute golden flowers. The large fine straw hat is pinkish beige and matched to the elbow-length suede gloves.

* * *

● Bride's dress by Worth, right, is made in self-printed pastel pink organdie. The model has a swathed, topless bodice, very full skirt, and is worn with a matching organdie jacket and flowing tulle veil. The unusual bridal bouquet is organdie roses.





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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Important sleeves create silhouette interest in many of the new season's house-gowns. This style trend solves the reader's fashion problem. All of this week's letters are from brides-to-be

"I WOULD be grateful for your assistance in designing a trousseau housecoat with some new fashion feature. I have fair hair and blue eyes, am 5ft. 5in., and my bust measurement is 35in."

The design I have chosen for your housecoat is sketched at right. The bodice is form-fitting and finished with one of the newest style trends of the season—ultra large sleeves. The gown is front-buttoned, the skirt graceful. The effect, as a whole, is crisp and fresh, and I think very feminine.

Bell-shaped skirt

"WOULD you design my wedding frock, which is to combine lace and satin? I am rather thin. Would it be correct for me to have a style with a full skirt?"

The traditional bridal gown with a wide skirt is still in fashion, and personally I think nothing looks more graceful than a full-skirted gown. The design I suggest is one with a bell-shaped skirt—a very new silhouette we are going to hear lots about next autumn.

The skirt could be opened



NEW SILHOUETTE for a summer housecoat has very full sleeves and skirt.

from the waist to show a three-tiered underskirt made in lace.

Have the bodice top made with long sleeves and a high-standing collar. As you mentioned you are thin, this would be flattering to your figure as well as featuring the latest bridal fashions.

Style problem

"MY wedding dress is floor-length, but the three bridesmaids favor street-length for their frocks. Do you think the different lengths would look odd?"

I feel that in the church and in the receiving line the mixture of short and long skirts would not be pretty, particularly as you are having three bridesmaids.

Going-away frock

"FOND of bright colors, I cannot make up my mind on either the shade or the style to choose for my going-away frock at my wedding in November. Will you please help me?"

A yellow shantung dress worn under a skipper-blue linen duster-coat would be an attractive combination for your ensemble. Have the dress made with a soft shirt-waist bodice top and all-round pleated skirt. The duster could have

a mandarin collar and skirt slit to the waistline on each side, allowing the yellow of the dress to appear as part of the ensemble. Finish the coat with three self-fabric linen "frogs" as closings. To complete the ensemble have a small white straw hat, matching pumps, and an envelope bag.

Bridal colors

"AS dead-white does not become my complexion, I was wondering if it would be correct for a bride to wear cream."

Perfectly correct. In New York the stark white wedding dress is becoming obsolete, and creamier, deeper shades are coming to the fore. Actually, these off-white shades have gone beyond off-white into egg-shell, ecru, and deep cream. At a recent society wedding in New York the bride wore cream lace over amber satin, and her bridesmaids were dressed in tawny shades of tulle.

Wedding veil

"PLEASE help me with a design for my bridal head-dress and veil. I am 21, with a round face and mid-brown hair worn quite long. My height is only 5ft. 2in."

For a young bride there is nothing more charming than a tulle veil circled with a simple wreath of orange blossom. As you are not tall, I advise the veil should be just below shoulder length.

● If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"DOMINIQUE"—An attractively styled one-piece made in a shell-patterned "Piccadilly" cotton. The color choice includes tan, green, and white; yellow, grey, and white; light navy, American Beauty, and white; sage-blue, grey, and white; and green, grey, and white.

"DARYA"—A smart tailored one-piece designed with white accents. The material is a printed summer-breeze cotton. The color choice includes sky-blue, lettuce-green, sage-blue, red, and lemon, printed with a white pinpoint.

Anywhere! Anytime!

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MODERN MANNERS



HAPPY BRIDAL PAIR. The observance of traditional customs lends an air of distinction to the wedding ceremony and reception, and makes the occasion memorable.

Tradition will add charm to a wedding

A wedding owes much of its charm, and almost all the ease with which it passes off, to the observance of established custom.

INVITATIONS should be sent out three weeks before the wedding. Those to friends and relatives of the bridegroom are sent out from a list supplied by his parents.

When inviting several adult members of the same family, each person—with the exception of husbands and wives—should be sent a separate invitation.

When children are invited, their names may be written beneath those of their parents.

Invitations should be answered promptly and accepted or declined in the style of the invitation. In declining, the usual "have much pleasure in accepting" is changed to "very much regret."

Whether an invitation can be accepted or not, it is customary to send a present. Failure to do so would be most unusual.

DUPPLICATION OF PRESENTS. It is the accepted thing in the case of two similar presents being received for the second one to be exchanged for something else of the same value.

Naturally, the situation is always explained to the donor before the exchange is made.

THE CEREMONY. It is the bride's privilege to select the music for the wedding.

Generally these days the bride and groom go together to a jeweller to choose and buy the wedding ring. Once bought it remains in the groom's possession until it is given into the care of the best man.

Before the ceremony a bride should remove her engagement ring, changing it to the right hand, or take it off altogether. It is not replaced until after the service, when she is wearing her wedding ring.

When a widow remarries, she takes off her wedding ring and

engagement ring before the ceremony and does not again wear her first wedding ring.

When the bride's father is dead, it is customary for her to be given away by a senior male relative, an old friend of the family, or her mother.

EXPENSES. It is traditional for the bride's parents to pay for the invitations, church decorations, transport of the bridesmaids to the church, special music, her trousseau, and all expenses connected with the reception.

The groom pays for the bridal bouquet and the flowers carried or worn by all other members of the wedding party. He also makes the gifts to the bridesmaids, buys the wedding ring, pays the clergyman's fee, and meets all the expenses of the wedding trip.

He is responsible for the car taking himself and best man to the church, and that taking himself and bride from church to reception.

THE RECEPTION. On arrival, guests are expected immediately to pass down the receiving line, consisting of the bride's mother and father, the groom's mother, who is third in line, and his father, who is fourth.

The bride and bridegroom and their attendants can either stand in the receiving line or form a group of their own in the centre of the room or at the far end.

Congratulations should be addressed to the bridegroom—not to the bride.

The custom of a bride tossing her bouquet to her bridesmaids or guests is a charming one. Tradition says that the girl who catches it will be the next to be married.

This is done as the bride leaves the reception to change into her going-away clothes.

After the bouquet has been caught, the chief bridesmaid or matron-of-honor follows the bride to help her dress.

The best man's duties are to see that the luggage is in the car and that the groom has the necessary tickets and reservations.

It is an unwritten rule that the guest never leaves the reception before the bride and bridegroom. Before they leave they must thank the parents of the bride.



Lovely Bride uses Cover Veil

Maxwell, King & Co. Pty. Ltd.,
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Gentlemen,
I am writing to tell you how delighted I am with "Cover Veil" Powder Block Make-up. I love its silky texture, and will never go back to any other old-fashioned powder.
"Cover Veil" No. 4 was the finishing touch to my toilette just before I entered the Church to be married, and everyone congratulated me on my appearance as a bride.
Yours faithfully,
Mrs. John Hawthorne.

St. Kilda,
24.3.51.

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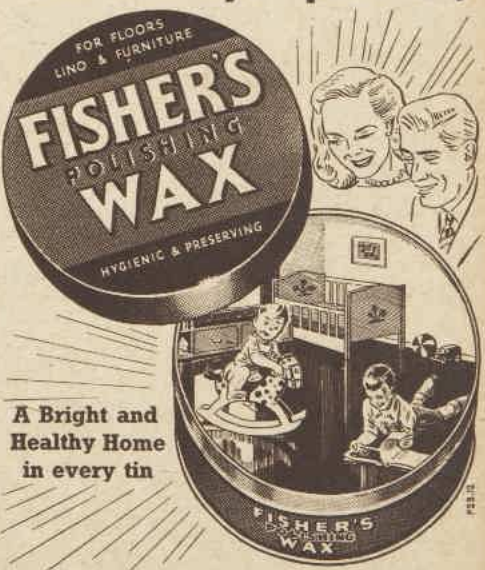
4/9

"Cover Veil" gives a gloriously natural matt finish to the skin as it is not a cake make-up and not drying.

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QUIZ CONTEST RULES

Continued from page 19

• To enter The Australian Women's Weekly Quiz Contest, you must answer at least one complete quiz. You may enter for all of the three or any one or two of them.

• Name and address must be put on each quiz you answer. For instance, if you answer the Office Quiz and the Homemaker Quiz, pin together the answers for the Office Quiz with your name and address written on the entry. Pin together the answers for the Homemaker Quiz and again put your name and address on the entry. You may send your answers in the one envelope.

• Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

• Judges will be the Editor and departmental experts of The Australian Women's Weekly. The judges' decisions will be final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding those decisions.

• Winners of the major prizes are not eligible for prizes for individual questions.

• Employees or parents, children, brothers, or sisters of employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. are not eligible to enter the contest.

• All entrants warrant that their entries are their own original work. Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Address your entries: Quiz Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Fairy Horden's Paris

Spring and summer bridal fashions reflect romantic feminine grace and sophistication. Both the slim and the bouffant silhouette are stressed and tulle veils vary from shoulder to floor-sweeping length.



● For the tall, slender bride is Lanvin's slim, sophisticated model, above. The dress is simply designed in white satin, and pleated tulle is used for the square decollete neckline and the balloon top of the long, tight-fitting sleeves.



● Carven uses tiers of patterned organdie for a full-skirted wedding gown, right. The bodice is form-fitting and has long sleeves. A drift of floating tulle is held in place with a Victorian-inspired head-dress worn back on the head.

● For the less formal wedding is Dior's slim, street-length model, below right, made in white satin. The dress is worn with Schiaparelli's coil of white roses.

● Patou's model, above, is designed with an ample skirt. The curved neckline is repeated in the Mary Stuart head-dress. For the petite bride is Balenciaga's model, left. The strapless dress is worn with a bust-length pearl-encrusted bolero.

● Fabulous Dior design in white lace, right. The short-in-front skirt is finely pleated. The star-shaped head-dress of pearls is worn with a tulle veil.

Notes





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Model No. 5 (illustrated): For the average figure. Sizes 25-32, approx. price \$9.76. Models for medium hip and hip figures from approx. \$9.76 to \$12.16.

Tru Balance
by *La Mode*

MORE THAN A GIRDLE, IT'S

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That daily glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" is most important during the spring months when it is essential to have the system working regularly.

Eno, with its gentle laxative action, keeps you regular, fit and ready to face work or play. By keeping you fit Eno helps you to resist many ailments.

Your regular glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" keeps you smiling on the dullest day!



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349 B.M.

Audience in opera



FULL CAST OF "Let's Make An Opera" waves good-bye in the final tableau after the little sweepboy has been rescued from his cruel masters and rides off on a rocking horse coach. Before going to New Zealand next year the play will tour several Australian cities.



CONDUCTOR Edward Renton coaches the audience during the first half, which is a rehearsal. Here he sings "Pink! Pink! Pink!" with the chaffinches in the audience.

"LET'S Make An Opera," now touring Australia under the baton of Scottish conductor Edward Renton, is a new kind of musical entertainment composed by Benjamin Britten and performed by the audience as well as the cast.

The photographs on this page, taken at a performance at the Palace Theatre, Sydney, show members of the audience, who are given individual scores to read, taking part in songs which describe much of the action and atmosphere of the play.

In one song they become birds, giving tongue as owls, herons, turtle-doves, and chaffinches from various sections of the theatre.



SMILE of appreciation from dressed-up Renton in second half as audience responds to his baton and "Pink! Pink! Pink!" rings through theatre as part of the performance.



TURTLE-DOVES in the audience are Allab Yoesmans and Beverly Hills. They "Prrrr-ooo-d" to their heart's content in "The Night Song."



HER EYES are on the conductor's baton. Eight-year-old Judith Harvey gives full voice to a song.



"KAAH! KAAH!" The heron's cry is taken up by Neville Yoesmans, who joins in with a will.



EXCITED chaffinch Barry Sutherland screws up his face in an effort to be heard.



"TO-WHOO! TO-WHOO!" sings Mrs. M. Loewenstein as the audience ovals take up their cry. She said afterwards, "I was completely lost in the music."

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PRICELESS SKIN
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There is a MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE if not completely satisfied. But you will be satisfied because RUSTIBAN removes rust stains from cloth, woodwork and ceiling.

One bottle of RUSTIBAN will remove 250 lbs. stain.



3/11 FOR A BOTTLE
OF RUSTIBAN WILL
SAVE YOU 1/6 ON
CLOTHES AND
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Skin Sores!

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Bolls, Red Rashes, Itch, worm and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty tins.

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... in a new
slide-action
case ... only

2/6

With the new Starlet lipstick, just recently added to the complete range of Starlet quality cosmetics, you now have a choice of Starlet in two distinctive lipstick cases—the new slide action at 2/6, or the popular propelling case for 3/11. The new Starlet lipstick has the same Starlet quality you know, so well—so smooth—so indelible—so beautifully fragrant (that's because a rare French perfume has been blended into its manufacture).

* The complete Starlet matching range includes: COMPACT POWDER 2/6, CREAM MAKE-UP 2/6, PROPPELLING LIPSTICK 3/11, NAIL ENAMEL 2/6, LIPSTICK 3/11, CREAM LIPSTICK 3/11, CREAM LIPSTICK 3/11, CREAM LIPSTICK 3/11.

AT ALL COLES STORES
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA
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You, too, could be more
lovely
attractive
charming

- Odo-ro-no is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odour for full 24 hours
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Also Liquid ODO-RO-NO with the popular applicator. In two strengths, regular and instant.

ANNABELLE



"Fast! The nicest man wants to see you. He looks just like Gary Cooper!"

BUTCH



"Why don't you just leave a couple bob an' a nice note sayin' how sorry you are?"

It seems to me

A GOOD move was made at the recent convention of Australian Furniture Trades in Melbourne.

The convention decided that retailers from next January won't accept furniture for sale unless it bears the label of the Standards Association of Australia.

Committees including representatives of manufacturers, retailers, and the union will be set up to police the regulations and prevent shoddy furniture reaching the market.

This is splendid news for buyers of furniture. In the past they have often wasted good money on articles that looked all right but when in use soon showed the results of poor materials and cheapskaping workmanship.

Improvement in quality might also result in some improvement in design, for in the past ornament has often covered a multitude of sins.

To buy simply designed furniture cheaply is always difficult. It appears to be a rule that simplicity only comes in more expensive articles.

That, of course, may not be the fault of the manufacturers. They may believe over-adorned cheap furniture reflects the popular taste. Yet judging by the number of people one hears complaining of a search for reasonably priced goods of simple design, there would be a big market for such things.

A BILL to be presented in the New South Wales Parliament will give Sydney University the power to confer honorary degrees.

The University, which wants to honor distinguished visitors, doubted whether it had the power under the present University and University Colleges Act.

The practice of conferring honorary degrees is so widespread and has such tradition behind it that one hesitates to criticise it—but it always seems rather silly to me.

It has the air of a rather solemn and childish game, and amounts in my mind to much the same thing as presenting a visitor with a bag of imitation gold sovereigns.

EXPORTERS in Britain have renamed the Stalin orchid the Patton, after the American general. The Stalin orchid was named in 1942, but lately the name has been a disadvantage with American buyers.

Evidently they decided that an orchid by any other name wouldn't smell so much.

AUSTRALIAN children appeared to be disproportionately quiet in relation to adults. Dr. Margaret Mead, American anthropologist, told the New Education Fellowship conference in Sydney.

Australian parents will indeed be surprised to hear this.



Dorothy Drain

ONE of our photographers (a man whose word I have never had any reason to doubt) swears solemnly that on a country trip he met a fellow who said he knew for a fact that I was secretly married to Mandrake.

Those of us who have known Mandrake a long time are not really surprised that rumors of this kind should be spread about him. Once, in the dim long ago, we used to follow each episode breathlessly, thinking that he would soon, surely, propose to Narda.

In those days we felt that Narda's mother must disapprove of this continual unconventional travel with Mandrake, especially as Lothar seemed an odd kind of chaperon. But as the years went on we decided that Narda was getting old enough to take care of herself, and obviously there was some obstacle to the marriage.

However, I regret to say that, though I see the advantages of a magician as a husband, the obstacle isn't me.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS of cheese that formerly came every week from Victoria to New South Wales doesn't now because the New South Wales fixed price is too low.

One can't help thinking now and then
That times are hard on mice and men.

HOUSEWIVES meeting at a Melbourne conference urged a Ministry for Housekeeping, which, they say, would meet the special needs of housewives.

One can understand how the trials of housewives gave rise to the suggestion, but it isn't likely to be adopted.

As it is, several portfolios indirectly bear on housekeeping, from the Treasurer, whose Budget has a considerable influence on home budgets, through Commerce and Agriculture, Health, Trade and Customs, Works and Housing—in fact, most of them.

The problems of housewives are inextricably bound up with the problems of the nation.

BOUNDARY riders on some big outback stations are now using motorcycles instead of horses.

Banjo used to fancy that he'd like to swap with Clancy.

But that was in the days of long ago, To-day the times are changing and the motor-bike is ranging
The silent bush that Clancy used to know.
When there's movement at the station nowadays they put the pace on,
And machines that are by outback riders prized

All open up the throttle as they rattle through the wattle,
For the man from Snowy River's mechanised.



Why TRUDGE
back and forth... back and forth
to clean your carpets?



Over the same places two and three times—but ordinary cleaners just CAN'T get out the deep-down dirt.



One effortless glide with a Hoover and the job is done. Your carpet is clean right down to the roots.

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that Hoover gives you!

1. Exclusive Positive Agitator to dislodge the scissor-sharp grit which cuts carpet pile.
2. Broad Dirt Finder to throw light into dark corners.
3. Dustproof Bag so easy to empty, your hands need never touch dirt.
4. Handy Cleaning Tools save stooping and stretching for all above-the-floor cleaning.
5. Three Models to Choose From, each designed and priced for a different need.

COMPLETE COUPON AND LEARN MORE ABOUT IT

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Housework made easy

I would like to know more about the Hoover plan for easier living. Please send me details of the 3 Hoover cleaners, without obligation.

Post to: Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3761, G.P.O., Sydney, in unsealed envelope bearing 2/6 stamp.

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ADDRESS

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SEERSUCKERS . . . colourful, washable rare value at an amazing 39/-

You couldn't find a fabric to wear and wash more hardily than seersucker. You couldn't find seersuckers gayer in colour than those we've chosen for these five dresses in such different and versatile styles. You'll love them for mornings at home, for marketing, for afternoons in the sun, and you'll want to add more than one to your spring wardrobe at this very welcome price. Give bust and hip measurement for true size.

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MAIL ORDERS, BOX 503, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
ORDER BY STYLE NUMBER, GIVING 1ST
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FREIGHT: 1 DRESS 1/1 IN ALL STATES.
2 OR 3 DRESSES 1/10 N.S.W.; 3/- Q.L.D., VIC.



WW2. Double breasted bayadere dress with a roll collar, unpresseed pleats. Wine, navy, saxe red, aqua and sizes that range from 32" to 38"

WW1. Coat dress buttoned to hem in blue, rose, gold, red florals on white ground. Sizes 32" to 44"



WW3. Portrait neckline dress in bold checks with full skirt. Colours of orange, blue, gold and navy and sizes that range from 32" to 38"



WW4. Elasticised dress to be worn on or off shoulders. Blue, green, red, royal, maroon stripes on white and sizes that range from 32" to 38"



WW5. Roll collar coat dress buttoned to hem, available in colour grounds of grey, pink, blue, navy, aqua available in sizes ranging from 34" to 44"



fashion right
beauty right
steps to
loveliness

CHARMOSEAN VANISHING CREAM is moist, light, greaseless foundation that protects the skin against all weathers. Light-as-air CHARMOSAN VANISHING CREAM holds your powder superbly to hours and hours. This delightful beauty cream gives your skin that fresh, natural look.

CHARMOSEAN FACE POWDER delicately blended and perfumed. This closest of fine clinging powders colourably soft in fine fashion-right, beauty-right colour tones.

CHARMOSEAN COLD CREAM is rich cleansing cream that penetrates the pores of the skin removing make-up, dirt, and impurities. For your nightly beauty ritual massage your face and neck thoroughly with Charmosan Cold Cream—it smoothes, relaxes, and cleanses your skin.

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Laxettes at
night regulate
little tummies



If you like chocolate,
you like Laxettes

There's no fuss in a Laxettes family, when anyone is sick, livery, constipated. Just a dose of Laxettes at night—no spoons, no spilling, no grumbles! In the morning, a smooth, easy motion, and all merry and bright again. Not habit-forming; never upset the stomach. Buy a tin now!

LAXETTES
work so smoothly

Worth Reporting

WHEN Lady Mellanby, distinguished English research worker at present visiting Australia, was a student at Cambridge in 1905-6 she was often the only woman in her class and had to have a chaperon.

In those days women were not given degrees. Later Lady Mellanby became an honorary D.Sc. of Liverpool and Sheffield Universities.

She and her husband, Sir Edward Mellanby, are Jubilee guests of the Commonwealth.

The Mellanbys were married in 1914 and to-day are partners in research.

Lady Mellanby helps her husband in his laboratory at Mill Hill, on the outskirts of London, and does dental research under the auspices of the British Medical Research Council.

In England during the war, Lady Mellanby said, special allowances of milk, eggs, and cod liver oil were given to expectant mothers and children, and their teeth showed a definite improvement.

Lady Mellanby thinks that even in Australia, where sunshine is abundant, most people need to obtain Vitamin D from another source as well. She recommends plenty of milk, and for children two teaspoons of cod liver oil daily.

Bridge "hands" across the sea

THE Australian Jubilee Year World Olympic for contract bridge pairs on November 16 and 23 will be one of the most ambitious long-range international card games ever conducted.

Winners will be presented with symbolic trophies bearing the Australian coat of arms.

Applications, which closed on August 31, came from nearly every country in the world, including Iceland. Nearly 3000 pairs have entered the contest.

Players will use hands dealt several weeks before by local contest directors under instruction from Messrs. Harold Hiley and Mick Sullivan, of Brisbane, and Mr. Victor Champion, of Melbourne.

Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Hiley won the Australasian pairs championship last year, and, by tradition, set the hands for this year.

"Each player will receive the same quota of good and bad hands during the tournament," the president of the Australian Bridge Council, Dr. J. Thwaites, explained.

"They'll have to play practically perfect bridge to do well."

One of Holland's leading players took the opportunity while sending in his entry to inquire about migrating to Australia.

A SMALL Sydney cafe has a juke-box which plays only Continental records.

Boys and girls come to swoon over Charles Trenet and Edith Piaf instead of Frankie and Bing.

RIVETS



She typed her own dismissal

FOR 12 years Miss Sadie Wilson, of Maitland, N.S.W., has been the returning officer for the Federated Mining Mechanics' Association of Australasia, whose members are all men.

Miss Wilson, who will complete 25 years' service with the union next month, believes she is the only woman returning officer of an all-male trade union in Australia.

Miss Wilson said that her job with the association began inauspiciously.

"The previous girl left suddenly, and the president personally appointed me to take her place," she said.

"But the board members were sticklers for regulations, and my appointment should have been approved by them."

"They promptly gave me a week's notice—my first job was to type my own notice of dismissal—then at the end of the week they solemnly re-appointed me."

Young Anglicans' enthusiasm

THE 15 members of Kelso Young Anglicans' Club in western N.S.W. each gave one week's salary to swell funds for their candidate in a Queen contest recently.

This is an example of the enthusiasm with which the youth of the Bathurst Diocese is responding to an appeal by the Bishop of Bathurst, Right Rev. A. L. Wyld, for £100,000.

The Young Anglican Movement began in the Canberra and Goulburn Dioceses 15 years ago, and spread to Bathurst four years ago.

In three years the youth of the Bathurst Diocese has raised £15,000.

Climax to this three years of activity will be an Anglican Youth Rally at Bathurst on November 25, which will be attended by the Governor of N.S.W., Sir John Northcott.

A YOUNG and optimistic couple got a sad shock the other day when they went into an estate agent's with the idea of looking at some homes for sale.

The agent was speaking on the phone, apparently to a householder who was complaining about damage caused by rain.

The part of the agent's conversation that made the couple hastily retreat was:

"Well, really, madam, you only paid £6000 for your home. If you wanted a weatherproof house these days you'd have to pay £10,000."

Accommodation for visitors

TWO hundred householders have responded to the appeal by the N.S.W. Chief Secretary, Mr. Clive Evatt, on behalf of the N.S.W. Tourist Bureau, for private accommodation for visitors to Sydney.

Shortage of accommodation is so acute that the Bureau decided to tap the reserves of spare rooms in private houses.

Similar schemes are already working in Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania.

The Tourist Bureau publicity officer, Mr. Muir Holburn, said that housewives who have registered to take country, interstate, and overseas visitors have given varied reasons.

Some people, especially older ones, say they are lonely after their children have left, and would like to fill the spare bedroom again.

Some of the applicants firmly request no children, while others "adore babies, especially very little ones," and insist on young folk who will be bright.

Children between five and 15 are the most unpopular and no one has yet offered to take travellers with dogs.

Tariff ranges from 12/6 for bed and breakfast to £7/7/- for full board, and the types of homes from neat cottages in industrial suburbs to spacious mansions.

Carefree and confident



You're so sure of yourself—wonderfully carefree and confident—once you discover Kotex. Comfortable Kotex is made in soft folds that actually stay soft. It's designed to protect you, too, with its exclusive "safety centre" that gives you an extra margin of protection. And who can appreciate better than you those flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines? Yes, you can depend upon comfort—

with Kotex



Make the most of Kotex comfort

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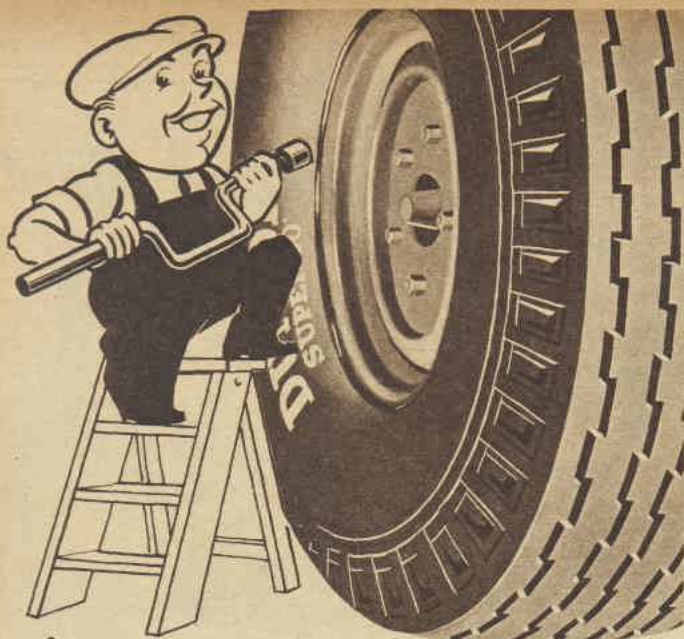
- Woodform Belts with unbreakable flat fasteners of safety pins 2 1/2
- Featherweight Belt, with flat unbreakable fasteners 1 1/2
- And the De Luxe Belt of wide, soft-stretch elastic, with tabs and safety pins, for any figure from 22 to 46 inch 3 1/2

Back again—QUEST DEODORANT POWDER—2 1/3

From England comes the best in Rayon



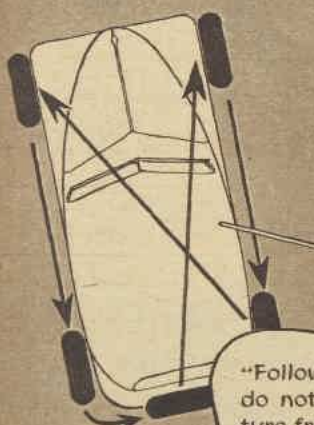
Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York Street, Sydney.



Wheel Changes

increase
tyre
mileage!

Tyre tread wear varies according to type of vehicle and operating conditions. On most trucks and buses for instance, the wear would be on tyres carrying the load, i.e. the rear tyres. On cars with modern suspension and braking systems the wear is on front tyres. Also there is a difference in wear between near-side tyres and off-side tyres. That is why wheels should be changed around every 2,000 to 3,000 miles, so that wear can be evenly spread over each tyre—including the spare wheel. This will cut down unequal tread wear—increasing over-all tyre mileage.



and for real
tyre economy...

DUNLOP **SUPER 90**
CAR & TRUCK TYRES

DUNLOP RUBBER AUSTRALIA LIMITED (INC. IN VICT.)

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"TODAY YOU'LL USE A DUNLOP PRODUCT"

TEENA *hills*
terry



As I read the Stars

By
EVE HILLIARD

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): A tiff with a boy or girl friend on September 28 could result in a permanent rift. Older Librans would be wise to avoid hasty decisions which involve their nearest and dearest, especially on October 1.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Hard work and the long, steady pull, plus enterprise on your part, add up to success with your job; extra money may be attached to it, or pleasanter conditions, on September 26 or 27.

ARIES (March 21-April 20): There's a tinge of romance in all your activities during the next few days. Whether it's wedding bells, or merely a night out with friend husband, or a party with your crowd, September 29 is top flight.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): If applying for a glamorous new job, arrange interviews for September 25. Some members of the Taurus family are all set for a fatter pay envelope, but gambling on risky ventures could be disastrous on October 1.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Light-hearted Miss Gemini may meet the man she's going to marry on September 29 or 30. Older Gemini folks will find the week-end lucky for social and sporting interests.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Looking for a place to live, or eager to improve what you have now? September 26 favors tours of inspection, dealings in property, interior decoration, and a satisfactory financial basis.

LEO (July 23-August 22): A hurried decision on September 28 may involve you with friends or enemies; you have the grit to stick it out, but October 1 is adverse.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22): Virgo determination can triumph over obstacles, delays, and the go-slow policy of other people. Your shrewd business ability will bring you through on September 28.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Being a prince of good fellows can take you a long way, but you might have to leap a hurdle on September 27.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): If you've pinned your faith on a person who lets you down on September 29, it may be a blessing in disguise.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Are you a bit tired of the same old round? Would you enjoy a change of scene? Travel may be nearer than you think. The opportunity could be in connection with your work, or a holiday. September 28 a sign post.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A nice little windfall could give the Pisces tribe a thrill on September 27. A surprise outing, a small gift, perhaps the discovery of a lost article—here's treasure trove!

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following may be selected:

- Pest Control.
- Growing Vegetables for the Home.
- September is Seed-sowing Time.
- How to Grow Good Chrysanthemums.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

Accent on Fashion

ROMANTIC drama with interludes of comedy is set against lavish backgrounds in "I Can Get It For You Wholesale" (20th Century-Fox).

This fast-moving satire on the colorful people who make, buy, and sell clothes is from the Jerome Weidman novel of a decade ago.

Harriet Boyd (Susan Hayward) is a hard-working model with a talent for designing clothes and a business sense that lifts her above her poor environment.

Aided by tycoon J. F. Noble (George Sanders) she reaches the top only to find that she is losing her friends and her sweetheart, Teddy Sherman (Dan Dailey).

However, Harriet finally comes to her senses and both her romance and her business are saved.

STARS Susan Hayward and George Sanders (at right) are an unscrupulous pair of fashion leaders in "I Can Get It For You Wholesale."



PARADE of gowns stimulates the ambition of Harriet Boyd (Susan Hayward), at left with J. F. Noble (George Sanders), in "I Can Get It For You Wholesale."



Those tiny Lux diamonds give such fast, gentle suds... make stockings last twice as long

Here's an easy way to cut your stocking bills in half! Every pair you buy will last as long as two pairs if you Lux them every time you take them off. Strong soaps and bar-soap rubbing are the cause of early ladders. Gentle Lux care keeps your stockings safe: tests prove that every pair lasts twice as long.

DON'T RISK HARSH SOAPS!

Keep your hands soft and petal-smooth. Lux care is gentler.



U.357.WW122



Gang Witty... irresistibly French

Wear Jicky for life's enchanted moments... and be remembered.

Jicky
parfume of France by
GUERLAIN
PARIS - LONDON - NEW YORK

CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL—"Sea Wolf," sea adventure starring Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield, Ida Lupino. Plus "God Is My Co-Pilot," starring Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark.

CENTURY—"I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," period romance starring Susan Hayward, William Lundigan. Plus "Campus Honeymoon."

CIVIC—"Hell-fire," tricolor Western starring William Elliott, Forrest Tucker. Plus "The Jade Mask."

EMBASSY—"The Elusive Pimpernel," period adventure in technicolor starring David Niven, Margaret Leighton. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE—"The House on Telegraph Hill," murder mystery starring Richard Basehart, Valentina Cortes, William Lundigan. Plus "Arson Inc."

LIBERTY—"The Great Caruso," technicolor drama based on life of Enrico Caruso starring Mario Lanza, Ann Blyth. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—"The Golden Salamander," suspense drama starring Trevor Howard, Anouk. (See review this page.) Plus "An Old-fashioned Girl" starring Gloria Jean, Jimmy Lydon.

LYRIC—"Tycoon," romantic adventure set in Mexico starring John Wayne, Laraine Day. Plus "Sunset Pass."

MAYFAIR—"Bright Leaf," a story of romance and financial rivalry in the South starring Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal. Plus featurettes.

PARK—"Call Me Mister," wartime comedy starring Betty Grable, Dan Dailey. Plus "Insurance Investigator," starring Richard Denning.

PLAZA—"Caged," drama of women's prison starring Eleanor Parker, Agnes Moorehead. Plus "Bandit Queen," starring Barbara Britton, Willard Parker.

PRINCE EDWARD—"That's My Boy," comedy starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. Plus featurettes.

REGENT—"The Flame and the Arrow," technicolor period adventure starring Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo. Plus "Three Husbands," comedy starring Ruth Warrick, Emyln Williams.

SAVOY—"Kon-Tiki," documentary film on actual Pacific expedition. Plus "Magic Town," starring James Stewart, Jane Wyatt.

ST. JAMES—"Pagan Love Song," island musical starring Esther Williams, Howard Keel. Plus "Inside Straight," starring Arlene Dahl, David Brian.

STATE—"Valentino," romance based on the life of Valentino starring Eleanor Parker, Anthony Dexter. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY—"Odd Man Out," crime drama starring James Mason, Kathleen Ryan. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY—"The Great Rupert," comedy with vaudeville background starring Jimmy Durante, Terry Moore. Plus "Lady at Midnight," starring Richard Denning.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Golden Salamander

GUN-RUNNING and murder in North Africa are the subjects of this British film, which manages to be engrossing in spite of the unexceptional plot.

Several agreeable performers contribute good character work; capable Trevor Howard has the role of the British archaeologist who is sent to Africa to collect valuable antiques which have been stored in the home of wealthy Levantine, Serafis (Walter Rilla).

He stumbles upon a crime syndicate, decides to uncover its activities, understandably falls in love with young French actress Anouk, and has to fight his way out of many tricky situations.

As a cafe proprietress, Anouk has natural simplicity that is rare and wholly charming; her fellow countryman, handsome Jacques Sernas, is a young man worth watching.

In Sydney—Lyceum.

★ The Elusive Pimpernel

POWELL and Pressburger's beautifully presented package of Pimpernel adventure is an uninspiring version of Baroness Orczy's work.

There is no need to take this well-known story to pieces

to show filmmakers how it works. In the title role, David Niven shows flashes of imagination, but, generally, his humor is too flip and modern to fit in with the Pimpernel character.

As Lady Blakeney, Margaret Leighton succeeds for once in looking unattractive, and her diction is not always clear.

In Sydney—Embassy.

Valentino
OPTIMISTICALLY, Columbia Pictures have sub-titled their technicolor production of "Valentino": (The Loves and Times of Rudolph Valentino).

What unfolds on the screen is not a straightout biography of the screen's greatest lover but rather a series of impressions of the man behind the 25-year-old romantic legend, plus short excerpts from popular Valentino silents.

Lacking any sense of authenticity, the film paints a remorseless picture of a man encased in his ambition and conceit.

In the title role, newcomer Anthony Dexter occasionally reveals startling resemblance to the real Valentino in features and physique, but his acting leaves a lot to be desired. Eleanor Parker, Patricia Medina, and Richard Carlson are each preoccupied with a burden of witless dialogue.

In Sydney—State.



Country Club Craftsmanship in New Release '810'

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V.S. 12





1 APPALLED Senator Wilkins (Edward Arnold) and wife hear that daughter Miriam has hired paroled convict Baxter as new gardener under criminal rehabilitation scheme.

2 CONGRATULATIONS of Dean and College Faculty on good deed make it impossible for the Senator to get rid of Baxter, whom he finds he has previously convicted on several counts and imprisoned and regards as quite unstable.

SMALL-TOWN COMEDY



"**DEAR BRAT**" comes to the screen as an amusing sequel to Paramount's earlier comedy successes "Dear Ruth" and "Dear Wife."

As before, Mona Freeman's Miriam collects a major amount of footage as the social-conscious youngest daughter of the Wilkins family who is out to better the world.

Now an irrepressible co-ed at Oakmont College, Miriam is still carrying banners to the discomfort and chagrin of Superior Court Judge Wilkins (Edward Arnold), her father.

3 TWIN babies of daughter Ruth and husband Bill are parked with fond grandparents temporarily.



5 UNDISTURBED by oldsters' fears, Miriam pursues plan to rehabilitate Baxter, thus creating gossip. She indignantly learns public meeting is to take place to get rid of Baxter.



6 POLICE STATION is scene of mix-up following Senator's decision to have parole officer pick up Baxter. To save Baxter, Miriam announces that Albert is man she loves, not jealous boy-friend Robbie (William Reynolds), centre.



7 DEMANDING to see her husband, Mrs. Baxter (Irene Winston) also persuades authorities to relax parole rules and free him after Miriam's efforts fail.



8 PEACE descends on Wilkins household after Miriam apologises for implicating innocent Albert in a non-existent love affair, for delaying Baxter reunion, and for almost having the Senator publicly censured over his rehabilitation efforts on behalf of Baxter.

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says

Rhonda Fleming
Star of Paramount's
"The Lost Outpost"



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You'll love the rich, creamy lather of pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Lux Toilet Soap's active lather leaves your skin sweet, exquisitely fresh. Scented, too, with a delicate lingering fragrance. Try this big bath size Hollywood screen stars recommend!



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RELIABLE

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Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable—in this sense they are a natural remedy.

By ensuring normal elimination Beecham's Pills will keep you well.

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CORN SILK COLOUR-TINT RINSE — (platinum) imparts silvery highlights to blonde, grey hair.



COPPER-LEAF COLOUR-TINT RINSE — (auburn) deepens light red, accents red tones in red and brown hair.



TAWNY BROWN COLOUR-TINT RINSE — brightens money hair with glowing chestnut lights.



RED HELLION COLOUR-TINT RINSE — devil-may-care colour for blonde or red hair.



BLONDE VENUS COLOUR-TINT RINSE — accents gold in blonde, light brown, red hair.



TITIAN COLOUR-TINT RINSE — brightens red hair; glows gold-red on blonde, brown hair.



BLUE SMOKE COLOUR-TINT RINSE — adds blue tone to grey, blue-black to brunette hair.



COLOUR-TINT RINSES — Twelve glamorous colour effects to rinse in and out at will. Each shade boxed, 2 sachets.

The Most Exciting News since Bobbed Hair!

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Colour! Young Colour! Vibrant Colour!

Leader in the field of colour in cosmetics, Helena Rubinstein has pioneered again and has produced NEW COSMETICS FOR THE HAIR that will make it easy for every woman to have youthful, healthy, beautiful hair through simple beauty treatments right in her own home.

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2. **SILK-SHEEN CREAM SHAMPOO** — Gives your hair the silken look, the important fashion trend of the times. Suitable for every type of hair, Silk Sheen Shampoo contains special, beneficial ingredients to leave your hair full of elasticity and springiness. It's a superb softening cream rinse and shampoo in one.

3. **COLOUR-TINT Rinses** — most colourful of Helena Rubinstein's Hair Cosmetics. Not permanent dyes but harmless temporary tints. You can wash them in and out at will. Study the photographs around this announcement and pick out the colour that suits you best. If blonde hair has lost its brilliance, if black hair is streaked with grey, if you want to tone out brassy tints in dyed hair — here is perfect new colour. It's fun, it's easy, you do it at home!

*Wash Colour into
your hair. Do it at
home... it's easy!*

4. **DANDRUFF CONTROL LOTION** — Exclusive formula includes ingredients which kill fungus usually responsible for causing dandruff. Cleanses, soothes scalp, relieves itchy condition. One for dry, one for oily scalp.

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SHAMPOOS — Silk-Sheen Shampoo; Cream Rinse and shampoo in one. **Blonde-Tone Brunette-Tone or Silver-Tone Shampoo** to brighten or deepen natural highlights.



DANDRUFF CONTROL LOTION — New, exclusive formula to eradicate dandruff and itchy scalp.

FREE!

Send for 12-page booklet telling how to put new, exciting colour into your hair. Gives new and valuable hints on Hair Care. Write to Dept. W.W. Helena Rubinstein, 82 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



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BLACK COLOUR-TINT RINSE — imparts glossy jet tone to brunette hair, tones out grey.



GREY PEARL COLOUR-TINT RINSE — emphasizes silver in grey hair, tones out yellow cast.



DARK AMBER COLOUR-TINT RINSE — deepens hair to darkest brown, intensifies richness of dark brown hair.

Wives Walk Out

MRS. CHESNEY was no great believer in luck. She thought the part it played in life, if, indeed, it played any part at all, was much exaggerated.

Yet for a lift at The Murray to stick on her very first evening there was surely so unusual an event that its consequences, in so far as they favorably affected Mrs. Chesney (which they undoubtedly did), may fairly be ascribed to luck.

Mrs. Chesney had been out doing a little necessary shopping. She had had a very delightful tea in great comfort and had returned to the hotel just before seven o'clock, promising herself a delicious rest in a piping hot bath and then a sherry and a cigarette before she went in to dinner. And the lift stuck.

It was an automatic lift, and the only other occupant was an extremely good-looking man in, Mrs. Chesney guessed, his early forties. He was dressed like a gentleman, Mrs. Chesney thought. He looked a gentleman, every inch of him; and there were many touches, all very upright and distinguished. When he spoke, he spoke like a gentleman.

"Have you ever noticed," he said, "that lifts never by any chance break down when one is not in a hurry? You are in a hurry, I am sure. And I must certainly am. And now this wretched mischance. Kipling has a phrase for it, as for everything—the malignancy of the inanimate."

Mrs. Chesney smiled. It was so easy to smile in the circumstances. Yes, she agreed; she was rather in a hurry; and there did often seem a sort of—

"Sheer cussedness about things," her companion put in; at which she laughed and said that well, yes, it certainly did at times seem like that. At

Continued from page 9

that moment the lift started again and carried them safely to the fourth floor, which was the one they both wanted.

At dinner their tables were quite close, and afterwards in the lounge it was quite by chance that her lighter would not work and there were no matches on her table, so that he brought his coffee over and gave her a light, and they sat and talked.

That evening, they did no more than exchange names, although she said that she was a widow. But before the week was out they were on the most friendly terms; had twice been to a show together; and she had learned much more about Wilbur Granville than she had disclosed about herself.

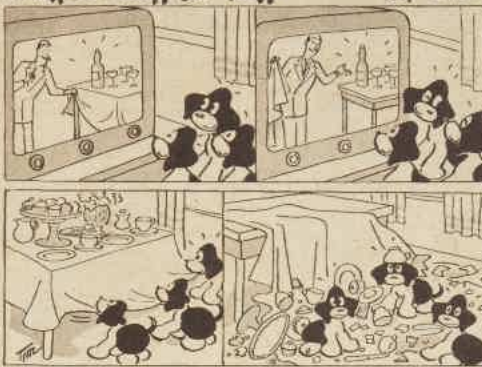
He had been born in Boston, Massachusetts, but was now a naturalised British subject; he was married, but his wife was at present in America on a visit of indefinite length; his business was connected with hotels; and he was in extremely comfortable circumstances.

It was one evening at the beginning of her second week at The Murray. They were sitting in the lounge talking of a play they had recently seen when Granville suggested they should go to the first night of a new play which was opening at The Royalty in a fortnight's time. Mrs. Chesney said she would be delighted, adding: "Of course, that is if I am still here."

It was a reservation that obviously could not be left there and presently, after a few gently probing questions from Granville, she said bluntly, "I am looking for a post," and at his expression of astonishment she went on: "I have to work for my living, you know." And then, with a laugh, "Does that surprise you?"

FOR THE CHILDREN Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"It does, rather," he said, "but it gives me an idea. Or perhaps I should say it ripens an idea which has been germinating in my mind for some time. I think you know I own a chain of hotels over here. It is not a large chain; there are but six of them. But they are, I hope and I believe, a little better than the usual run of hotels here."

He smiled slowly and went on: "But they are not good enough. I want them to be better; very much better. I want there to be found in them an atmosphere that is not usually found in hotels but only in fine old country houses: a sort of real old traditional English hospitality; not as between hotelier and patrons but as between long-standing friends."

SIGHING a little, Wilbur Granville went on: "I have for months puzzled how something of this sort might be done and during the past few days I have many times been presumptuous enough to think that if only you were the ruling goddess, as it were, of one of my hotels, my aim would be on its way to achievement. And now I learn that you are looking for a post."

Mrs. Chesney smiled. "Are you offering me a post, Wilbur?" she said (for they had already reached that stage of friendship).

He nodded. "Exactly, my dear Beryl. I am offering you the post of hostess at my hotel, The Boston, at Chelcester. You will have an entirely free hand to make of the hotel what you will. It is the smallest of the chain, but let us walk before we run. Do you accept?"

"Of course. I shall be delighted."

"You have forgotten to ask about salary."

"I can safely leave that to you."

"I think you can. And now when will you be ready to start?"

"I can go down to-morrow."

"Admirable. We will go down together. There are, you will understand, certain things which have to be discussed with the manager, and especially with Mr.—his wife."

He smiled. "But I foresee no difficulties."

Mrs. Chesney's reign as hostess at The Boston was an outstanding, a quite spectacular, success; and at the end of six months Granville asked her to go to his largest hotel, The Manhattan, at Seabourne, and there to introduce the regime which had had such gratifying results at Chelcester.

Mrs. Chesney was reluctant. She was very happy at The Boston, and had made many friends in the city; was indeed one of the most admired women (as she was the best dressed) in Chelcester's exclusive circles.

But Granville pleaded with her, saying in the end that it need only be for a time, and that she could then return to The Boston if she wished.

It was during her third month at The Manhattan that Peyton Armstrong, an immensely wealthy American business man, came to stay there. He was a handsome, youthful-looking man in his early fifties, and was a widower.

From the first moment of his meeting with Mrs. Chesney he was obviously greatly attracted; and within a month of his coming he asked her to marry him and learned to his stupefaction that she was married and living apart from her husband.

But once recovered from the momentary shock of her disclosure Armstrong brushed it aside. He was that sort of man. A man who has made twenty million dollars was not to be put out of his stride by so pusillanimous a thing as an unwanted husband.

For Mr. Chesney, as a husband, was most definitely unwanted both by Mrs. Chesney (for he quickly ascertained that) and by himself, Peyton Armstrong. It could all be quickly and easily arranged.

Within less than a year of Mrs. Chesney's becoming hostess of The Manhattan she and Armstrong were married in London one lovely June morning; and that evening left Croydon by air for Paris on the first stage of a long world-honeymoon.

Or so it might have been. But the fact is that when Mrs. Chesney, that morning at breakfast with John Chesney, raised her cup half-way to her lips, she did not replace it noisily in her saucer and cry, with a hysterical note in her voice: "Stop!"

She simply put the cup to her lips; took a sip; put it back in her saucer; glanced over to her husband; and gave a barely perceptible shrug of her shoulders. All the rest of this story happened only in her imagination as she sat watching him finish his toast and marmalade.

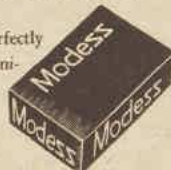
But it might have happened actually, had she acted differently. It might happen to you, madam, at breakfast to-morrow morning. If you want it to. Walk out, madam, walk out.

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For INDIGESTION or HEARTBURN QUICK-EZE act so quickly!

Mr. J. G. Nash, of Wayville, South Australia, says: "Your Quick-Eze have been a great help to me. They act so quickly when taken for indigestion or heartburn that I have had no hesitation in recommending them to all I know who suffer from these ailments. 'Even were they three times the price, I would still continue my practice of having a packet in the waistcoat pocket of all my suits.'"



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Gloriously light
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Potter's Anti-shrink is
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beauty and wearability
...with a famous standard
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CANNOT SHRINK • CANNOT STRETCH • CANNOT FADE
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SOLD BY THE YARD ★ AND IN FROCKS BY VAN
ROTH ★ STYLECRAFT ★ STYLIST ★ YOUNGER
FASHIONS BY COLBURN ★ BLOUSES BY DAWN

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

CEPEA
FABRICS

PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Perry Mason and Della are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Adams when Ilya Adams gets a phone call from Manila. The caller says he is her first husband, David Bidon, whom she had thought dead. He convinces her that he is speaking the truth.

ILYA NOW KNOWS THAT THE MAN SHE IS TALKING TO IS HER FIRST HUSBAND.

WHAT SHALL I SAY TO HIM, MR. MASON? WHAT CAN I SAY?

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM RIGHT BACK HERE. TELL HIM YOU'RE CABLEING MONEY TO MANILA FOR HIM TO FLY HOME!

OF COURSE I'M GLAD, DAVID... OF COURSE I WANT TO SEE YOU... OH DAVID, PLEASE DON'T. NOT NOW... YES, I'LL BE AT THE AIRPORT TO MEET YOU... GOOD-BYE, DAVID.

WHILE ILYA ADAMS WAITS FOR HER FIRST HUSBAND'S RETURN FROM THE GRAVE...

CHIEF, PAUL DRAKE'S HERE. HE'S GOT THE REPORTS FROM MANILA ON DAVID BIDON.

THANKS, DELLA. SEND HIM IN.

IT'S ALL THERE. THE GIST IS HE WASN'T KILLED WHEN HIS PLANE CRASHED. HE'S BEEN LIVING WITH NATIVES UP IN THE HILLS SOMEWHERE. AMNESIA CASE.

I SEE HERE THERE'S BEEN NO PUBLICITY... WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME, PAUL. KEEP AFTER IT.

DELLA, TELL ILYA SHE HAS TO STAY OUT AT HER MOTHER'S FOR THE TIME BEING. AND SHE'S NOT TO SEE DR. ADAMS.

ALL RIGHT, CHIEF... THESE ARE THE LETTERS AND PHOTOS YOU ASKED HER TO SEND US! I THINK THEY'LL INTEREST YOU!

SO THESE ARE THE PHOTOS AND LETTERS OF ILYA ADAMS' FIRST HUSBAND. LET'S TAKE A LOOK.

THIS ONE, FOR INSTANCE...

YOU'RE NOT QUESTIONING BIDON'S IDENTITY, ARE YOU?

ILYA'S RICH, DELLA. I'M QUESTIONING EVERYTHING IN THIS CASE!

TO BE CONTINUED

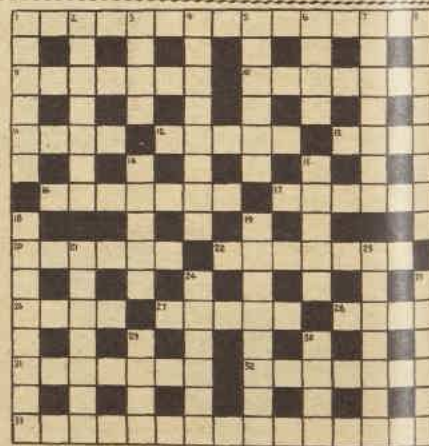
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. I glare or the chum and when you put us in order you will have a loud and hearty guffaw (7, 8).
2. Sunburnt short gentleman meeting a line at any point (7).
10. In the beginning is All in it (7).
11. Cheese made back in Holland (4).
12. Female swan in holy surrounding is used up (5).
13. A French in the middle of an inner organ (4).
16. On the Guadalquivir famous for its barber (7).
17. For I give up (6).
20. Picky, inquiring, profound, respect is permitted (6).
22. Even love tag can show electro-motive force (7).
26. Wine where the sailor keeps his sweetheart (4).
27. Glass a filling between the King and of French (5).
28. Fruit of pine broken up by one degree (4).
31. Blithe fast here in short public announcements (7).
32. Contracts mainly pointed missiles (7).
33. A well-known Bob minus sad ripe mixture results in utter want of expectation and desire (8, 7).

Solution to last week's crossword

DISRAELI HAMPER
A O D A P C K E
M R E M O R S E C O D E
P O N E E T B U
E I S O N A S P I R A T E
K N T A E C T C
M E N D I C A N T R E S T
B S C T M S
A S E L C O M E D I A N S
K N F R D S E A
E L D O R A D O S T E W E D
K O A I U R M D
E N C I N O U S O C
S I N G E D P R E T E N C E



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. The rat can develop into the symbol of madness (6).
2. Nude man, (anagr., 7).
3. It can be vegetable or animal. All depends from which way you are looking on it (4).
4. A tale put in an ancient weapon (8).
5. Can be taken as lien for foreigners (6).
6. The King in forced smile (4).
7. Group of barbarous clans surround one French on a platform (7).
8. If you are in it you must be a monk or a nun (8).
14. Such girl is to be found on walls (3, 2).
15. Behold, the shaken dramatic plunders (5).
18. Impetuous rebuff with a lacy penstroke (8).
19. Study made and free hundred overlooked (8).
21. This boat starts with quarrel between nations and ends with a bone (7).
23. Loan dog (anagr., 7).
24. In a moment of danger one hundred are resting on an Egyptian goddess (6).
25. A deer can form a very difficult question (6).
29. By way of mouth or little Albert (4).
30. God of war (4).



GIVE YOUR ROOMS THAT

Inviting Look

with * **TEPRAC** (Patterned Feltex)

Replace those tired old floor coverings with the cheer and comfort of smart, decorative, rich-looking TEPRAC (Patterned Feltex). A large range of colours and patterns means that you can choose a *just-right* Teprac for the room scheme you have set your heart on. For economy, there is the important fact that Teprac is 1½ yards wide! And, finally, remember that Teprac is the patterned form of Feltex—a branded product with a reputation of over a quarter of a century to uphold.

Feltex



FELT & TEXTILES OF AUSTRALIA LTD. . . . Manufacturers of marbled, plain and patterned Feltex (Teprac), Underfelt and Felts for every industrial purpose.



Glamour Goggles and the Bodgie!

Whether anti-glare glasses were invented as a protection against the Cornish Wilde hair-cuts and crazy attire of that youthful exhibitionist, the bodgie, is a moot point. The fact remains that the well-dressed male—or female—relies not on shock tactics, but on smooth, harmonious perfection of detail. No doubt the bodgie, too, will see it that way when he's older. Maturity and mildness do have a habit of going together. That is why experienced smokers enjoy Black & White. They are specially blended for those who prefer a mild cigarette.

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This Orlex Compound only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

JOHN had a flash of genius. "I'll tell you what," he said. "I'll stand on any street corner you care to name, at one o'clock, and I'll wear a spotted scarf round my neck. To make doubly sure, I'll also wear a red carnation in my buttonhole."

"What am I supposed to do?" the voice inquired.

"Well, then you can walk by, or drive by in a taxi if you like. You'll know me, but I won't know you and when you've had a look you can make up your mind whether I'm a kidnapper or not . . . and if I look a trustworthy type, then come up and tell me so, and we'll have lunch together—er—uptown."

There was a long pause. "Come on," said John. "Be a sport."

"I'm thinking," she answered, and then, "all right, but it's all very stupid."

"Wonderful! Name your corner."

Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 8

"Madison and 79th, but make it one-thirty, as I have a lot of things to arrange before I see you."

John was delighted. "Fine . . . Madison and 79th Street at one-thirty . . . I'll be there and I do hope you will be, too."

"Good-bye, Mr. Hamilton."

John spent a morning of pleasurable anticipation. At one o'clock he was on the corner of 79th Street and Madison Avenue, or rather he was at the intersection of the two big thoroughfares wondering which of the four corners he ought to be on.

He selected the one outside a bank. At one-fifteen he remembered that he had failed to buy a red carnation so he dashed madly off in search of a flower-shop, found one, bought a red carnation and a bunch of red roses.

At one twenty-nine he was

paying for a double martini in a nearby bar—"a nerve stealer," he told himself—and at a fraction after one-thirty he was at his battle-station.

As the minutes dragged by and nothing happened John began to feel supremely foolish. Several people stared at him as he stood with chattering teeth, in the sub-zero weather, a bunch of roses gripped in a blue fist.

The martini faded within him and were gone. He wished he had never dreamed up the whole thing, then someone spoke at his elbow.

"Would you like an orange, Mr. Hamilton?"

He looked up and beheld a tall, smiling girl holding out a paper bag. He whipped off his hat. "Mrs. Windsor?"

"No . . . I'm Mrs. Smith . . . Good-bye." She walked on down the street. Before he had time to recover he was accosted again. "Going skating to-day?" A short girl this time, also with laughing eyes.

He doffed his hat. "Mrs. Windsor?"

"No . . . I'm Mrs. Smith . . . Good-bye." She too went her way.

John paled. "Yoo hoo! . . . Mr. Hamilton . . . Hammy . . . Yoo hoo!" came a chorus of voices. He spun round. A big black limousine was passing slowly by. He caught a glimpse of four laughing girls inside it.

He swayed on his feet; this was not going according to plan. A bevy of girls started to stream past . . . three were on bicycles, two loads of them passed in carriages driven by coachmen wearing top hats, one was on a horse.

"Yoo hoo, Hammy! . . . Where's the cushion, Mr. Hamilton? . . . Yoo hoo! . . . D'you want an orange . . . Yoo hoo!"

Snow began to fall heavily: defeat was in the air; John decided to leave the field of battle. He turned to go.

"Mr. Hamilton?" said a voice, a male voice this time.

Four youths and two girls all dressed in the mud-colored uniforms of telegraph employees stood round him in a circle.

"Yes," he croaked, "that's me."

"We have a greetings message for you," said the leader, "to be delivered on this corner at one-thirty." He stamped his foot on the pavement. "One-two-three—Happy meeting tew yew," they warbled.

"Stop it! Stop it!" John burst out of the harmonising ring and made for the open country with the speed of a Welshing bookmaker: straight down Madison he ran, the red roses held aloft like the Olympic torch in the hand of the final marathon runner.

He found the place he wanted and dived in.

"A quadruple vodka," he gasped to the man in the white coat; he was shaking. He drank deeply. As the fiery liquor covered and anaesthetised the nerves of his stomach he became calmer.

"Where shall we have lunch?" said a quiet voice at his side.

He spun round to face his latest tormentor.

"No, please, I give up," he said, laughing.

The girl laughed too; a gay, tinkling laugh. She had a slim, graceful figure and the chin of her perfect oval face was tilted down a little so that she looked up at him from beneath long, thick lashes. Her eyes were dancing with

New ways of stealing

HANDBAG thieves working in Australian capital cities to-day operate in pairs and consider it old-fashioned and crude to snatch bags and run.

Instead, one thief prepares the victim for the kill by speaking to her, or bumping into her with great apologies, while the accomplice gently opens her bag and takes whatever he can find in it.

A special story and series of photographs showing how some of the pickpockets of to-day go about their dishonest business appears in the current September issue of A.M., the Australian Monthly.

A.M., though it now has more pages and more color pages, still costs only 1/-.

merriment. Her golden hair curled out deliciously from underneath a ridiculous little hat—she was lovely.

John climbed off the bar stool and faced her.

"I am Ann Windsor," she said, as she held out her hand. "Please forgive me . . . I think we went too far."

"I was lucky to be let off so lightly," smiled John.

"No; it was a horrid trick, but you took it so well I had to come and apologise."

"Who were all those various Mrs. Smiths?" grinned John.

"Oh, all my girl friends. I spent a couple of busy hours rounding them up and rehearsing them after you called."

"They were beautifully rehearsed," said John. "Would you like a drink?"

They found a little table in the corner. "I think I ought to be buying drinks for you, after what you went through for me," she said.

Please turn to page 48

Beauty in brief:

Summer hair-styles

By CAROLYN EARLE

FOR enterprising folk who plan to do something different with their hair the season introduces no marked changes in styling.

Hair will possibly be worn a little longer with a slightly turned-up look at the back, and retaining a lightly curled look.

The point of length is always open to discussion, so a policy of not too long, not too short hair in your favorite shape should fill the bill.

"Let your personality guide your summer hair-style," is the advice advanced by the Hair Fashion Committee of America.

Softly curled, ear-tip length hair is given as the logical basis for most warm-weather hair-styles. Hair arranged simply around the face in half-curly or loose waves with small tendrils about the ears is naturally becoming to most faces.

Dear Belle of the Ball—
the way you looked tonight... the
youthful loveliness of you and your
carefree poise in that dream gown were
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"CLWYDON," Mrs. E. T. Thring's home in Cleveland Street, Wahroonga, N.S.W. Azaleas bank the house and the walks, and both house and garden are set among immense gumtrees. Mrs. Thring keeps the garden herself with the help of a gardener who has been with her for years.



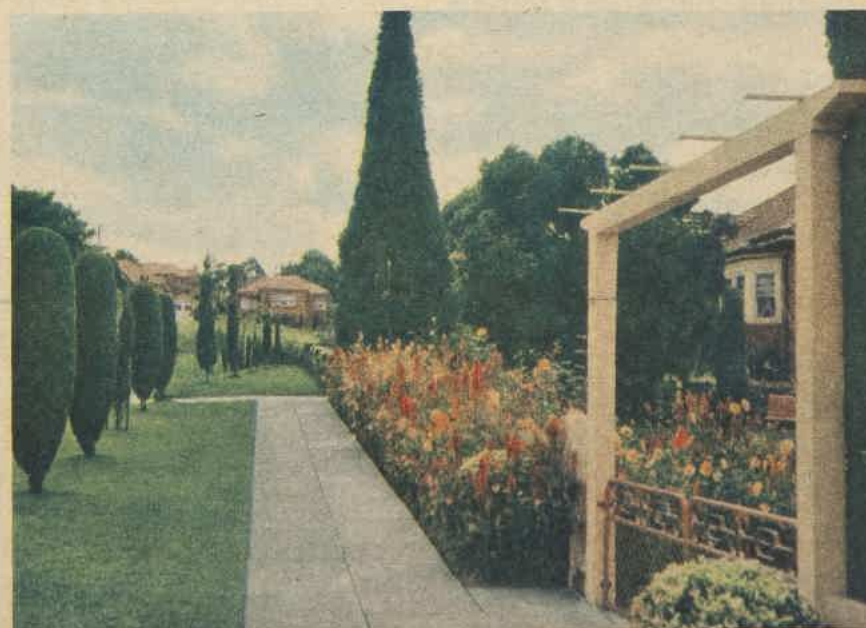
AN AZALEA WALK in the garden which Mrs. Thring began 29 years ago. The garden will be open to visitors on Saturday, September 29. Proceeds will aid the furnishing of "Greenwood," the new Barnardo home at Normanhurst, N.S.W.

Gay spring gardens

• Every springtime Mrs. E. T. Thring, of Wahroonga, N.S.W., opens her extensive azalea garden to the public. As a result, various charities have received substantial sums. Shown here are pictures of this and other beautiful gardens.



SPECTACULAR EFFECT. Beds of massed cinerarias and shrubs in the front garden of Mr. and Mrs. W. Heine's home at Killara, N.S.W. Their varied colors are pointed up by the solid green of the lawn and the white walls of the house. Beds of pansies line the pathway from the front gate to the door.



ATTRACTIVE ENTRANCE. Steps (above) leading to the front door of the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. D. Curtin in Rosebank Avenue, Epping, N.S.W., are flanked by potted begonias and caladiums.

RIGHT. The Curtins' garden, which extends to the footpath, along which are spaced clipped pencil pines. The Curtins have won the Hornsby Shire Council's annual prize for the best-kept garden four years in succession. Mr. Curtin's father helps tend it.

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Round The Rugged Rocks

AFTER a moment John asked, "By the way, where were you all the time?"

"Oh, I stood across the street and watched the whole thing . . . it was terribly funny." Ann giggled. "Please forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive . . . and, incidentally, are you going to stick to the bargain and have lunch with me?"

"If you still want me to. Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere you say. I don't really know New York."

"You seem to have found a very sweet little place. Why don't we just stay here?"

"Wonderful! Let's do that."

He offered her a cigarette.

"Er . . . er . . . does your husband mind you having lunch alone with people?"

She laughed. "Oh, I invented him. After all you were behaving so strangely at your end of the telephone, I decided to play the same sort of game. Aren't I awful?"

"You mean he doesn't exist?"

"Good heavens, no. I'm not married."

"Then who is the mysterious Mr. Donald Windsor who is responsible for my making such a fool of myself?"

"That's Uncle Don: I stay with him when I'm in New York. My home is in North Carolina."

A waiter came up and took their order, and John, who was acutely conscious of the few dollars left in his pocket, was immensely relieved when she announced that all she ever had for lunch was a salad.

"Tell me about yourself," she said. "When did you come over? What are you? Where do you live? Or am I too inquisitive?"

She laughed till she cried when she heard about "Sledmere, Queen of England," and listened with genuine interest when he told her about "the Aunts" and the lovely Wiltshire countryside.

"I've always wanted to visit England," she said. "Daddy goes over once in a while. He's just crazy about it."

Then it was her turn and she described her happy childhood in the little town of Tryon, North Carolina. She told him of her sweet, old-fashioned parents and how she

Continued from page 46

spent two years with Uncle Don's help persuading them to let her come to New York to earn her own living.

"I'm nothing much, just a model, and not a particularly successful one at that, but the work is interesting. Anyway, I love New York. It's so exciting, and I just had to live in it before I settled down."

John longed to ask her what exactly she meant by that.

They talked on and on. Suddenly she jumped up.

"Good heavens, it's after four o'clock. I must dash."

He helped her on with her coat.

"What time does your ship sail?" she asked.

"Midnight . . . from Pier 59. It's very strange," he added, "I really do feel as though I have known you all my life."

Ann kept her head bent and there was quite a long pause before she answered: "Yes, it's funny, I have been thinking the same thing."

JOHN walked with Ann to the office building where she worked. By the time he left her his mind was made up.

He took a taxi to the offices of the steamship company and fifteen minutes later he emerged again with a cheque for 300 dollars. The fact that he had burned his only bridge was a matter, to him, of the completest indifference. He felt happier than he had done for years.

Back in his hotel room he mapped out a simple plan of campaign. First of all he must find cheaper quarters, and secondly he must find a job. His telephone rang. It was Jake Despard.

"Everything is all set for the game on Saturday. Are you going to bring a girl?"

"Yes, I'd love to," said John.

"I'll be in town Saturday morning," yelled Despard, "so I'll pick you both up at the hotel around eleven o'clock. We'll take a picnic lunch."

"I'll look forward to it. Thanks awfully."

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The Family Scrapbook

By Dr. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Anne was in what her brother called a "gushy mood."

"Oh, mother," she cried. "Miss Dalrymple is the most wonderful person. I wish I could be with her all the time. I've never known anyone so wonderful."

Mrs. Abraham was worried. Anne had never had many friends of her own age. She was timid and awkward and the girls didn't pay much attention to her. Now all the family heard was praise of her teacher. Fortunately, Miss Dalrymple knew her young girls. She called Mrs. Abraham and asked if Anne had been showing signs that were a bit disturbing. Then she explained that girls often develop "crushes" on a friendly, understanding teacher or other grown-up.



HELP her to get over this sort of "crush."

"Crushes" often offer an opportunity for a girl to take a first important step in becoming more social, in learning how to get along with people more effectively. Unless they are prolonged parents should not be worried.

All characters in this feature are fictitious.

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Osram



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Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 48

SHOULD he telephone Ann? John wondered. He spent a good half-hour debating this point; then he thought: "No—I'll just call her very casually to-morrow morning and ask her to the game, whatever it may be... What a shock she'll get."

He began to pore over the "jobs vacant" columns in the morning newspaper. It was wasted effort—most of the vacancies were for domestic help, linemen, pressers, or for salesmen, nothing into which he could readily fit.

At nine-thirty he telephoned Ann. When the sweet voice answered the phone, all the nonchalant opening phrases which he had concocted flew out of his mind, and in a voice which he hardly recognised as his own, he said: "Ann, it's John. I'm still here."

"Yes," she answered. "I know... I went down to the ship last night to see you off."

For a blissful second John pondered this, then blurted out, "Will you come to a game with me on Saturday?"

"I'd just love to."

"And will you have lunch with me to-day, please?"

"Yes, please."

"Same place? One o'clock?"

"Yes, I'd like that."

John spent a couple of hours trying to find a place to live. At the third try he found something he thought would do—a room in the basement of a brownstone house on West 55th Street; it had probably once been a janitor's room when the street had known better days, but it was clean and there was a minute gas stove in one corner.

He paid two weeks' rent—fourteen dollars—in advance, and went out to meet Ann.

The table they had had the day before was unoccupied; so they sat down and looked at each other and smiled again.

"Thank you for going to see me off," said John.

Ann laughed softly, "I just wanted to make quite sure you left the country... you can imagine my disappointment when they said you had cancelled your passage."

After lunch John walked up and down, peering at notices posted in windows of employment agencies, but the next morning when Ann came to meet him he was still very much a gentleman of leisure.

He had forgotten to let

Jake Despard know that he had moved, so they strolled round to his ex-hotel and a few minutes later Jake arrived, mountainous in a huge coat. He was alone in his car.

"Janet sent her love. She couldn't make it; so we're on our own. Glad to meet you, Miss Windsor. Climb in front, will you? John, you get in back with the food, and don't drink all the Bourbon before we get there. What a great day for a ball game. How've you been, John? How did you ever find a beautiful girl like this?"

He prattled gaily on with all the delicacy of a pneumatic drill, and Ann decided he was a lovable Teddy Bear.

By the time they arrived at the stadium John had gathered that they were to witness a football match between two college teams, and though the subsequent spectacle was unlike any football he had ever seen, he enjoyed himself and the afternoon passed all too quickly.

BACK

in town, Jake left the couple outside Ann's apartment building. Ann's Uncle Don was away for the week-end, and they foraged in the ice-box for a meal, then sat on the living-room floor and ate in the fire-light. They talked of everybody and everything, and everybody and everything seemed important.

At eleven o'clock John rose to leave.

Ann walked with him to the door and helped him with his coat. With one hand on the door handle John turned and looked down at her. His heart thumped against his ribs. Gently he took her shoulders.

"I am not going to shake hands and say 'Good-night' Miss Windsor, thank you for the best day of my life... I am going to kiss you once very quietly and then go home without saying anything at all."

Ann did not move. John moved a half step towards her and kissed her very gently, just once, then turned and walked to the elevator; at that instant, they both knew—for sure.

Please turn to page 51



"What's it matter whether things cost a thousand or a million? After all, it's only francs!"

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Round The Rugged Rocks

NEXT morning, John received a cable from his ex-Army friend: "En route Bermuda to try growing lilies... join me any time... address c/o Butterfield's Bank, Oglethorpe."

The same day, chancing upon a promising advertisement, he applied for a job at Weinkopf's Wine and Liquor Store, 684 3rd Avenue.

Gus Weinkopf was a squat little man, bald and fat, with grim eyes beneath thick glasses and a steel trap for a mouth.

"You got plenty of contacts?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I know quite a number of people really," John waved his hand airily. "Long Island, you know."

The grim eyes gleamed behind the lenses. After a little more discussion on similar lines, John was given the job, and later he and a pale-faced assistant were left in charge of the shop while Gus went out.

Soon after he had gone four sinister figures sauntered into the store; they announced that they owned a restaurant and wanted to purchase some wine.

To John's great delight they ordered fifty cases of champagne. They wanted it delivered at once, they said, to their restaurant.

"Fifty cases at sixty dollars a case, that would be three thousand dollars," John felt very businesslike. "Would you be paying cash?"

"By cheque," said the biggest and ugliest of the men. "Certified banker's cheque. That okay? You just send the stuff round right away to the restaurant—The Captain's Table is the name—just east of Broadway on 54th Street. One of us will be there with the cheque."

When the truck had been

Continued from page 49

loaded with the fifty cases of champagne, John told the pale-faced assistant that he would go with it. He was determined to pick up that cheque himself.

He arrived at the restaurant to find all four buyers standing outside waiting for him: they were very friendly and even gave him a hand with the unloading.

"Just dump it right here on the sidewalk," they told him. "We'll take it in later—we have to make room in the cellar."

When the unloading was completed, John was presented with a cheque for three thousand dollars; it was as impressive as only a certified banker's cheque can be. Everyone shook hands. John



"The man I marry has to like dolls, too."

mounted the truck, and, flushed with success, returned to the store.

Gus was there when he got back, but when he told what he had done, Gus regarded him with loathing. "Give me that cheque," he snarled. John handed it over. Gus grabbed it, examined it minutely, held it up to the light—tore off a corner of it and peered at the exposed tissue. Then very deliberately he tore it up.

"You fool," he hissed. "That cheque was forged by Kramer... Kramer!" His voice rose. "Kramer who used to work for me. And now you—you half-baked jerk—you have to sell Kramer three thousand dollars' worth of my liquor..."

John did some quick thinking. "Surely all we have to do—if you're quite certain the cheque is a dud, is to pop along to the restaurant and ask for the champagne back. They probably haven't even taken it inside yet!"

Gus pushed his suffused face to within half an inch of John's nose. He spoke with venom.

"Listen, Sonnyboy—you're right; they haven't taken it inside yet. They never had any intention of taking it inside. That restaurant never had a thing to do with their order for champagne. Five seconds after you left three thousand dollars' worth of my liquor lying on the sidewalk, Kramer and the others picked it up, loaded it on their own truck, and now it's half-way to Jersey City—you—you—"

He paused, gesticulating and inarticulate, "... get out of here, before I break your neck."

Ann was quiet when John related the saga of the liquor

job, but Uncle Don was vastly amused. It appeared that Gus Weinkopf had been a notorious bootlegger, and at the thought of an ex-bootlegger having his champagne hi-jacked in broad daylight, Uncle Don laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

The next day John looked for a job and the day after that he looked again. The search became permanent, even though Ann helped him look. Sometimes he found jobs—small jobs for a few dollars; sometimes he didn't. He registered as a spare butler with the Diamond Domestic Agency and several times was employed by the night to assist at parties.

Ann's friends welcomed John open-heartedly into their circle and invitations of various kinds were constantly appearing in the mail-box of the brownstone house.

One of these invitations marked the end of John's days of butlerhood. He had been bidden to what Ann warned him might turn out to be a stuffy dinner party in a house on East 81st Street. He had also received a call to work that night from the Domestic Agency, so putting business before pleasure he refused the invitation to dinner, and accepted the employment.

Something that he overlooked was the fact that the address for both was the same, so that when he entered the drawing-room, wearing his best "butler face" and bearing a tray of drinks, the first person he saw was Ann. The second was Jake Despard, and the third and fourth were Patricia Polliniri and Mr. Armstrong.

Jake let out a whoop of joy. "What a great gag!" he yelled.

Then he seized the unsuspecting host and hostess and dragged them over.

"Hi! Martha... Pete!... This is the man you wanted to come to your dinner and here he is—Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop—Mr. Hamilton."

John was propelled, scarlet faced, round the room to be introduced to the other guests. Then the tide of the party flowed smoothly on again, carrying him with it.

Just once the hot and harassed face of the cook appeared at the door. She saw the butler, sitting on the sofa between Mrs. Winthrop and Ann, toying with a martini and talking gaily about skiing. She gave him a terrible look and withdrew.

John, a little worried now in a professional way as to who would actually serve the dinner, asked Ann what was going to happen.

"I told Jake the truth," she whispered back, "and he has fixed it: he called up for someone else. They said they would have a man over in five minutes."

"Oh," he groaned, "there goes another job. They'll never employ me again."

He was right, and the following day found him job-hunting again, assiduously and a little desperately.

To be continued

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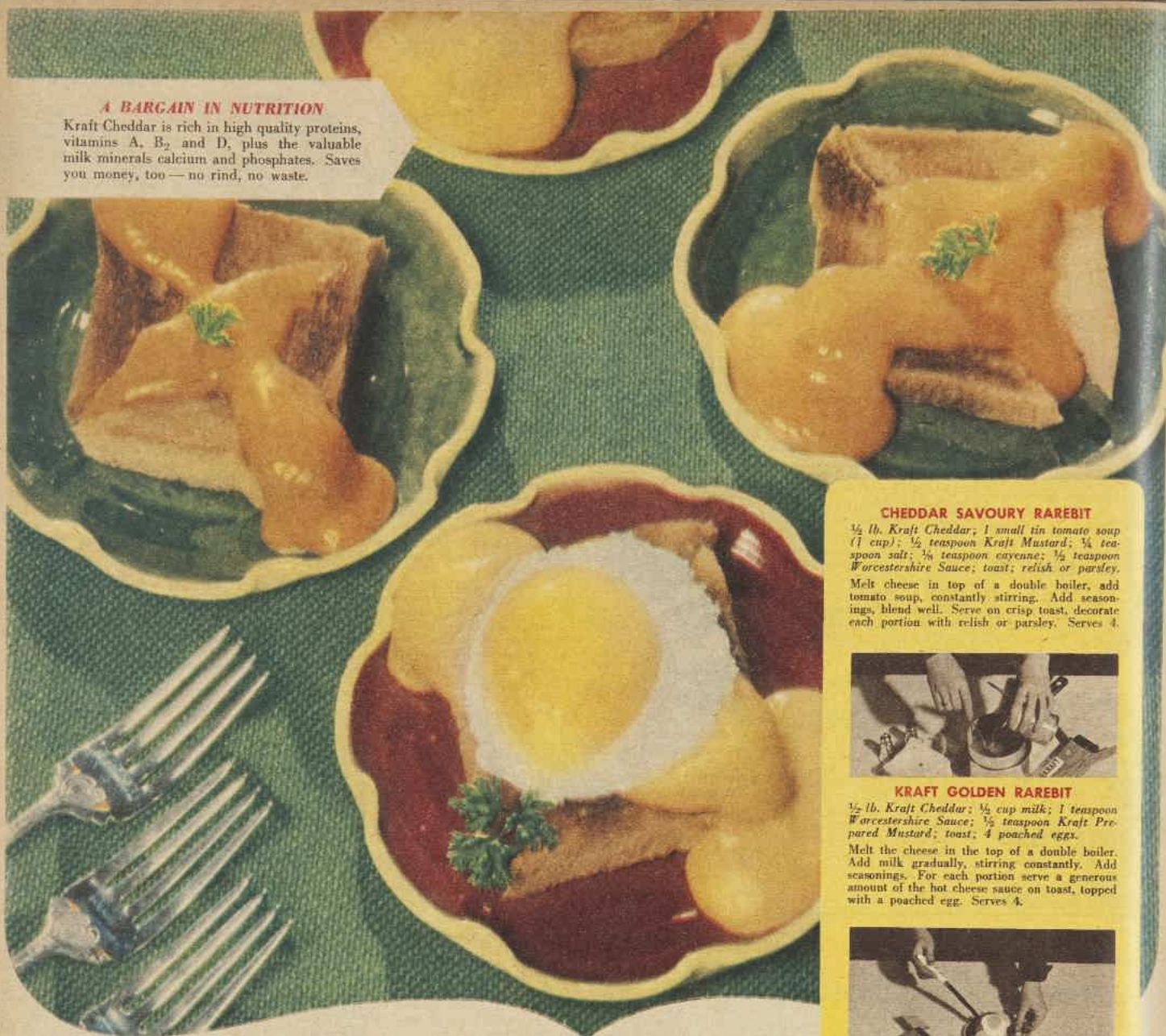
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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 26, 1951

Page 51

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"The trick of successful entertaining is hearty, simple fare that everybody likes," says Elizabeth Cooke. "Try these two easy rarebit recipes, using fine-flavoured Kraft Cheddar, and you'll soon be famous for your suppers." Did you know that Kraft Cheddar contains the same proteins and calories as meat? That it has plenty of vitamins A, B₂ and D? And actually gives you eleven times more bone-building calcium than fresh dairy milk?

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CHEDDAR SAVOURY RAREBIT

½ lb. Kraft Cheddar; 1 small tin tomato soup (1 cup); ½ teaspoon Kraft Mustard; ¼ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon cayenne; ½ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce; toast; relish or parsley. Melt cheese in top of a double boiler, add tomato soup, constantly stirring. Add seasonings, blend well. Serve on crisp toast, decorate each portion with relish or parsley. Serves 4.



KRAFT GOLDEN RAREBIT

½ lb. Kraft Cheddar; ½ cup milk; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce; ½ teaspoon Kraft Prepared Mustard; toast; 4 poached eggs. Melt the cheese in the top of a double boiler. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Add seasonings. For each portion serve a generous amount of the hot cheese sauce on toast, topped with a poached egg. Serves 4.



There are so many uses for Kraft Cheddar. Exciting salads, rich sauce, tasty, nourishing sandwiches — all from the handy blue packet. Keep Kraft Cheddar handy, use it often — it's a bargain in nutrition.



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From the Pantry Shelf

In an emergency you can quickly prepare a light luncheon or three-course dinner out of food stored in the pantry.



By Our Food and Cookery Experts

AS well as being time-savers, dishes made from tinned or packaged goods can be very tasty.

In the recipes given below, we have dressed up popular processed foods with other items you are likely to have on hand, such as rice, biscuits, prunes, nuts, and coconut.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

(See color photograph)

Ox-tail Soup

Savory Rice Shape with Salmon Tartare
Savory Tomatoes
Caramel-Pear Dessert.

OX-TAIL SOUP

One tin or package of ox-tail soup and the quantity of water required to dilute the concentrated soup, 1 small carrot, 1 small parsnip, thin toast fingers.

Mix soup as directed, allow to stand while preparing carrot and parsnip. Wash and scrape carrot and parsnip, shred with vegetable shredder or dice finely. Drop into small quantity boiling salted water, cook gently 6 to 8 minutes or longer, according to size. Drain, add to soup, heat to boiling point. Serve hot with thin toast fingers.

SAVORY RICE SHAPE WITH SALMON TARTARE

Three-quarters to 1 cup rice, 1 slice of onion, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 thin pieces lemon rind, 1 tin salmon (or tinned fish cutlets), 1 cup prepared mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon each lemon juice, chopped olives (plain or stuffed), chopped gherkins or capers, chopped parsley; sliced olives, lemon, and parsley to garnish.

Wash rice well, cover with large quantity boiling water. Add onion, salt, lemon rind. Cook uncovered until rice is quite soft, about 20 minutes. Drain in a colander, pour cold water through to separate the grains, then pour boiling water through to reheat.

Form quickly into an oval shape on a very hot platter, hollowing centre with back of spoon. Fill with salmon, allowing liquor to seep through rice. Combine all sauce ingredients, heat without allowing to boil, pour over fish. Garnish platter with lemon, parsley, and sliced olives.

Notes: May be served with tinned or fresh peas.

SAVORY TOMATOES

One tin whole peeled tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, 2 slices toast.

Carefully drain liquid from tomatoes, reserve 3 tablespoons, place balance in pan with onion and sugar. Simmer gently 5 minutes. Stir in arrowroot blended



TINNED OR PACKAGED GOODS from the pantry shelf are combined with fresh ingredients to make this appetising three-course meal. The menu includes ox-tail soup, savory rice shape with salmon tartare, savory tomatoes, and caramel-pear dessert.

with the 3 tablespoons of tomato liquid. Continue stirring while mixture simmers 3 minutes. Fold in tomatoes and parsley, allow tomatoes to heat thoroughly. Turn into hot dish, top with small cubes of toast.

CARAMEL-PEAR DESSERT

One packet caramel dessert, thin plain sweet biscuits, 1 tin pear halves, whipped cream (fresh or substitute), chocolate sprinkles or grated chocolate.

Make caramel dessert according to directions. Cool slightly, pour into serving-dish which has been lined around the sides with biscuits. Arrange pear halves on top, core side up. Fill core cavities with whipped cream, top with chocolate sprinkles. Serve chilled.

MENU 2

New-style Potato Pie

Vegetable Macedoine

Baked Tomato Halves

Apple Crumb Meringue

NEW-STYLE POTATO PIE

One 12oz. tin luncheon meat, 1 small tin sweet corn, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon diced red or green pepper (if available), 3 dessertspoons butter or other good shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 to 1 1/2 cups mashed potato.

Melt shortening, add diced onion and red or green pepper. Sauté 3 or 4 minutes without browning. Add flour, mustard, and salt. Cook 2 or 3 minutes longer. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in diced or minced meat, drained corn, and parsley. Turn into greased

casserole, bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Spread or spoon potato thinly over top, smooth with knife dipped in milk. Return to oven to brown top. Serve piping hot.

VEGETABLE MACEDOINE

One tin mixed vegetables, nut of butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Heat vegetables in their own liquor, drain. Melt butter, add parsley and vegetables, toss over low heat until well mixed.

APPLE CRUMB MERINGUE

One tin apple pulp, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 1 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 or 2 egg-whites, extra sugar for meringue.

Combine sugar, lemon rind, lemon juice, water, and 1 teaspoon of the butter. Heat gently until sugar is melted. Mix thoroughly with apple pulp. Melt balance of shortening, add crumbs and stir over low heat until crumbs have absorbed all the butter. Place half in greased ovenware dish, add apple mixture, sprinkle with cinnamon. Cover with balance of crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add sugar and beat to meringue consistency. Allow 2 tablespoons sugar for each

egg-white. Pile on top of pudding, return to very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Serve hot or cold.

MENU 3

Beef Pinwheels with

Tomato and Onion Sauce

Diced Carrots and Peas

Mashed Potatoes

Coconut Prune Shapes.

TOMATO AND ONION SAUCE

One tablespoon shortening, 1 thinly sliced onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 cup tomato puree, 1/2 cup meat or vegetable stock.

Melt shortening, add onion. Cook until soft and yellow, but not browned. Strain off excess fat, add tomato puree and flour blended with stock. Stir until boiling, simmer 10 minutes.

BEEF PINWHEELS

One tin luncheon beef, 1 tablespoon very finely chopped or grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1-3rd cup tomato puree, 1 pound puff pastry (bought, or made from the Quick Puff Pastry recipe on this page).

Put meat through mincer, mix thoroughly with onion, parsley, and tomato puree. Roll pastry to thin oblong shape on floured board. Brush edges of pastry lightly with milk. Spread with meat mixture to within half-inch of edges. Roll up as for Swiss roll, starting from

the longest side. Wrap in waxed paper and place in ice-chest or refrigerator 1/2 hour. Cut into slices 1/2 in. thick. Place on greased oven tray, bake 15 to 20 minutes in very hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric). Serve piping hot with tomato and onion sauce.

QUICK PUFF PASTRY

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 6oz. good beef fat or other good shortening, 1/2 cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients, cut shortening into small pieces, and cut through the flour with a sharp knife. Mix to a pliable dough with milk. Turn onto floured board, knead lightly. When required roll thinly, cut to size and shape required.

COCONUT PRUNE SHAPES

Half pound stewed prunes, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons chopped walnuts or almonds, 1 pint milk, 2 thin strips lemon rind, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 4 tablespoons coconut, yellow coloring.

Drain stewed prunes free of syrup, remove stones. Chop finely, then beat to a pulp with lemon juice (or rub through a coarse strainer). Heat milk with lemon rind and sugar. When nearly boiling remove lemon rind and stir in cornflour blended smoothly with 1/2 cup extra milk. Continue stirring until boiling. Fold in coconut and a little yellow coloring. Fill into individual wetted moulds. Allow to become quite cold. Unmould into individual serving dishes, top each one with a generous spoonful of prune pulp, sprinkle thickly with chopped nuts. Serve with custard, cream, or clear lemon sauce.

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TRY A LITTLE AMAMI MAGIC TONIGHT

Two orange recipes win prizes

Orange date slices and orange cream flan win the first prize of £5 and a consolation prize in our recipe contest this week.

SIMPLE and economical, both are refreshing items for spring menus.

The flavor of the filling for orange date slices may be varied by adding chopped peanuts and a little grated lemon rind in addition to the orange rind. Coconut for the topping may be toasted or left plain.

Another prize-winning recipe is spiced caramel pudding.

All spoon measurements are level.

ORANGE DATE SLICES

Half cup shortening, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup cornflakes, 1 cup milk, 2 cups sifted self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice.

Date Filling: One cup stoned dates, 2 tablespoons orange juice, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 2 tablespoons water.

Cream shortening and sugar, gradually add beaten egg. Stir in cornflakes, then fold in sifted flour, spice, and salt alternately with milk. Mix evenly. Spread half of mixture in greased slab-tin. Cover with cold date filling, spread remaining mixture over top. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. When cold, cut into finger-lengths. May be topped with orange-flavored icing and sprinkled with chopped nuts before cutting.

Date Filling: Stir chopped dates, orange juice and rind, sugar and water over low heat until the consistency of thick jam. Allow to cool before using.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Smith, "Glenhaven," Glen Rd., Oatley, N.S.W.

ORANGE CREAM FLAN

One cooked and cooled 8in. pastry-case, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 cup orange juice, thinly peeled rind of 1 orange cut into fine match-strips (or grated), 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon spice, mint sprigs.

ORANGE DATE SLICES, economical to make and delicious to eat, are handy to have in the cookie jar. Children will enjoy them in packed lunches or as after-school snacks. Serve them for morning and afternoon teas. See prize recipe on this page.

(3)

Blend cornflour with some of the milk, heat balance of milk with sugar. Stir in blended cornflour, continue stirring until mixture comes to the boil and simmers 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add egg-yolk, grated orange rind, and juice. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into pastry-case, top with match-strips of orange rind and brown sugar and spice mixed together. Return to moderate oven until sugar is melted. Chill before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. J. Taylor, Spring Gully Rd., Bendigo, Vic.

SPICED CARAMEL PUDDING

Three tablespoons golden syrup, 1 pint milk, 3oz. washed rice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts or almonds, 1 tablespoon chopped crystallised cherries, 1 tablespoon coconut.

Melt golden syrup in saucepan, heat until it commences to darken in color. Remove from heat. Heat milk until boiling. Stir in rice. Lower heat and cook gently until rice is soft and mixture very thick, about 20 minutes. Add nuts, golden syrup, cherries, and nutmeg, turn into greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle top with coconut. Place in oven or under low grill until coconut is lightly browned. Serve hot or very cold with cream or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Florence Barrie, 7 Barkley St., West Brunswick, Vic.



ORANGE, BROWN SUGAR, AND SPICE give a rich flavor to this orange cream flan. It is simple to make, uses only one egg, and cuts into eight average-sized servings. Decorate with cream for special occasions. See recipe.

EVERY MEAL A

Festive
OCCASION



Rosella
Old English
PLUM PUDDINGS

Prepared from the choicest fruits and ingredients, these rich, delicious Rosella Plum Puddings have that real Old English flavour so thoroughly enjoyed.

Easy to serve and always welcome, they are readily available in popular 16 oz. cans.



and Fruit Mince Meat

Ready prepared in convenient 9 oz. cans.

Progress of the 1-year-old

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE pictures of the Sara Quads at their first birthday party have been of interest to mothers throughout Australia, and many women have written to me about the babies.

Some were worried that their own babies had not advanced quite as far as the Quads at the same age.

All babies do not make the same progress.

The average physical and mental development at one year is as follows:

- The weight at birth is usually trebled.
- He has cut six to eight teeth.
- He begins to take steps by himself, unless he is the heavy type of baby.

- He can play with several small objects at the same time.
- He enjoys applause and likes to feel himself the centre of attraction in the family, but he becomes shy with strangers.

A chapter on baby's progressive physical and mental development and also the diet and recipes needed for the one-year-old is contained in the new enlarged third edition of "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A. Copies can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Price 8/6, postage 9d.

Note: Names and addresses should be printed clearly in block letters.



friendly because they're so convenient and labour-saving; because their quality is always to be relied upon (only the choicest meats and freshest vegetables meet Imperial standards); because they make the preparation of meals a pleasure instead of a chore. Anywhere, anytime, at home, for cut lunches or for more enjoyable picnics, Imperial Canned Foods provide happier, tastier, cheaper meals — simply for the opening.

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Trousseau suggestions

An off-the-shoulder knitted sun-top and a dainty apron are two useful items for the new young housewife.

HERE are the directions for the sun-top.

Materials: Six ounces Patons "Beehive" fingering 4-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: Width all round at underarm, 34in.; length, 17½in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to the inch in width.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); tog., together; sl. 1, slip one stitch knitways; st-st, stocking-stitch; rep., repeat; cont., continue; t.b.l., through back of loop; wl. frt., wool to front; wl. bk., wool

to back; sl. 1 p, slip 1 stitch purlways; in., inches.

BACK AND FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 105 sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twenty-two times, inc. once at end of last row (106 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Sl. 1, k to end of row.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, p to last st. k 1.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows three times. Cont. in st-st, inc. once at each end of next and every following 8th row until there are 122 sts.

Cont. in st-st. without shaping until work measures 12in. from com., ending on wrong side of work. Proceed as follows:—

1st, 3rd, and 5th Rows: Sl. 1, k to end of row.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, k 9, p to last 10 sts., k 10.

4th Row: Sl. 1, k 10, p to last 11 sts., k 11.

6th Row: Sl. 1, k 11, purl to last 12 sts., k 12.

Shape armholes as follows:—

1st Row: Cast off 8 sts., k to last 8 sts., cast off 8 sts.

2nd Row: Rejoin wool to wrong side of work, sl. 1, k 3, p to last 4 sts., k 4.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, k 3, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., k 4.

4th Row: Sl. 1, k 3, p 2 tog., p to last 6 sts., p 2 tog., t.b.l., k 4.

Repeat 3rd and 4th rows four times (86 sts.).

Keeping border of 4 knitted sts. at each end of row, cont. in st-st. without shaping until work measures 14½in., ending with wrong side facing. Cast off.

YOKE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 410 sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, k 1, * wl. frt., sl. 1 p, wl. bk., k 1, rep. from * to end.

Repeat this row seventy-one times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up side seams. Sew up seam of yoke. Pin seam of yoke to centre back, then pin back bodice to back of yoke and front bodice to front of yoke, leaving 4 sts. open at each side to go round top of arm. Stretching yoke slightly, sew back and front to yoke, using one-eighth of an inch back st. seam.

Crisp organdie apron

THE organdie apron shown at left is a pretty trousseau piece.

Suggested colors are white, pastel pink, blue, green, and lemon.

To make the apron, you require a 14in. square of organdie, 1½yds. of frilling, a strip of organdie (joined if necessary) 54in. by 2½in. for the waistband and ties, and about ½yd. of embroidered organdie for the flower motifs.

Round off the two lower corners of the organdie square and sew on the frill. Fold the waistband and the tie strip in half lengthwise and stitch, leaving a 12in. opening in centre. Turn outside in. Insert apron top in opening, easing fullness in with small tucks, and sew. Sew on a small pocket of flower motifs and a single flower in the opposite corner as shown.



APPLIQUED FLOWERS trim this frilled organdie apron. Matching flowers decorate the neckline of the frock.



KNITTED SUN-TOP (above) can be worn until early summer with sports clothes by day, or after dark for informal occasions. Make it for your trousseau in white or in one of the new season's yellows.

MIRACLE NECKLACE OF ANIMALS' TEETH!

UNTIL THE 19th CENTURY MOTHERS BOUGHT THEIR CHILDREN 'MIRACLE NECKLACES' OF ANIMALS' TEETH TO BANISH PAIN AT TEETHING TIME, KOLYNOS PROTECTS YOUR TEETH BETTER BECAUSE IT CLEANS BETTER, ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS BUBBLES LEAVE EACH TOOTH SURGICALLY CLEAN!

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YOU'LL CUT YOUR DENTURIST'S BILLS IN HALF... SAVE REAL MONEY WHEN YOU USE KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS GOES TWICE AS FAR AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTES. HALF AN INCH AFTER MEALS STOPS DENTAL DECAY.

TEETH FILM BREEDS DECAY GERMS!

MUCH PLAQUE (FILM) PROTECTS BACTERIA—LETS THEM MULTIPLY. KOLYNOS DISSOLVES THIS FILM—DESTROYS DENTAL DECAY GERMS. TESTS BY FAMOUS NORTH AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES PROVE UP TO 92% OF DENTAL DECAY BACTERIA IN THE MOUTH ARE DESTROYED BY KOLYNOS.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

FIGHTS DECAY BETTER...TASTES BETTER...LASTS LONGER

DECORATIVE TABLE SET

The set of exquisite crochet-trimmed place mats and matching napkins shown at right is something special for your trousseau.

THESE directions will enable you to make the set at little expense.

Materials: Four balls Clark's Anchor Fil a Dentelle, shade 503 (coral-pink); Milward's steel crochet hook No. 6-24; 1 yard pink organdie.

Abbreviations: d.b.t.-tr., double treble; half tr., thread over pull through, thread over and take off 3 stitches; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch.

N.B.: To make picot always make 3 ch., 1 d.c. in first of 3 ch.

FIRST MOTIF

Starting at centre, ch. 8. Join with sl-st. to form ring. 1st Round: Ch. 6, (tr. in ring, ch. 3) 5 times. Sl-st. in 1st ch. of ch. 6.

2nd Round: In each sp. make d.c., half tr., 3 tr., half tr., and d.c. (6 petals).

3rd Round: * Ch. 5, d.c. between next 2 petals at back. Repeat from * around.

4th Round: In each loop around make d.c., half tr., 3 tr., half tr., and d.c.

5th Round: * Ch. 7, d.c. between next 2 petals. Repeat from * around.

6th Round: In each loop around make d.c., half tr., 7 tr., half tr., and d.c.

7th Round: * Ch. 5, d.c. between next 2 petals of previous round. Repeat from * around, ending with d.c. between last and first petal.

8th Round: Ch. 8, d.c. in 3rd ch. from hook (picot made), * ch. 3, tr. in next loop, ch. 3, picot, ch. 3, tr. in next d.c., ch. 3, picot. Repeat from * around, ending with

ch. 3, sl-st. in 3rd ch. of ch. 8. 9th Round: D.c. in same place as sl-st., * ch. 2, picot, ch. 5, picot, ch. 2, d.c. in next tr. Repeat from * around, ending with sl-st. in first d.c. Break off.

SECOND MOTIF

Work as for first motif until 8th round is completed.

9th Round: D.c. in same place as sl-st., (ch. 2, picot, ch. 2, sl-st. in corresponding loop of first motif, ch. 2, picot, ch. 2, d.c. in next tr. on second motif) twice; and complete motif as for first motif (no more joinings).

Make 7 more motifs, joining each motif to previous one as second motif was joined to first motif, having 4 loops free on each side of joining.

HEADING

Attach thread to 4th free loop from last joining.

1st Row: Ch. 5, triple tr. in same loop, * ch. 9, d.c. in next loop, ch. 5, d.c. in next loop, ch. 9, holding back on hook the last loop of each triple tr., make 2 triple tr. in next loop, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made); make long tr. (thread over hook 5 times) in joining between first and second motifs, make 2 triple tr. cluster in next loop. Repeat from * across ending with ch. 9, 2 triple tr. cluster in 4th loop of last motif. Ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Tr. in first cluster, * ch. 5, make a 2 tr. cluster in next sp. (ch. 5, make a 2 tr. cluster in next d.c.) twice; ch. 5, make a 2 tr. cluster in next sp., ch. 5, make a 2 tr. cluster in next long tr. Repeat from * across. Break off. Work

heading on opposite side in same way.

Cut a piece of organdie 15in. by 18in. Make a narrow, rolled hem all around. Sew strip of motifs to one narrow edge.

EDGING

Attach thread to one corner on organdie, d.c. in same place, * ch. 2, picot, ch. 2, skip 4in. on organdie, d.c. in organdie over rolled edge. Repeat from * around, working over crocheted strip to correspond. Join and break off.

NAPKIN (Make Two)

Make a motif as for first motif until 9th round is completed. Do not break off at end of 9th round.

10th Round: Sl-st. to centre of next loop, ch. 5, in same loop make triple tr., ch. 5, and 2 triple tr. cluster, * ch. 9, d.c. in next loop, ch. 5, d.c. in next loop, ch. 9, in next loop make 2 triple tr. clusters, ch. 5, and 2 triple tr. cluster. Repeat from * around. Join to top of first ch. 5.

11th Round: Ch. 3, tr. in same place, * ch. 3, 2 tr. cluster in next sp., ch. 3, 2 tr. cluster in tip of next triple tr. cluster, ch. 5, 2 tr. cluster in next sp. (ch. 5, 2 tr. cluster in next d.c.) twice; ch. 5, 2 tr. cluster in next sp., ch. 5, 2 tr. cluster in tip of next triple tr. cluster. Repeat from * around. Join and break off.

Cut a piece of organdie 11 1/2in. square, make a narrow rolled hem all around. Sew motif to one corner. Cut out organdie in back of motif. Turn ends under neatly. Sew in place. Make edging same as for place mat.

SUGGESTED table setting for a first dinner-for-two: The place mats in coral organdie are trimmed with bands of lacy Irish crochet in a matching tone. The floral centrepiece is ingeniously arranged in the new S-shape. Directions for making place mats and napkins are given on this page.



SPRING KNITTING DESIGNS

EVERY girl who is making her trousseau will find The Australian Women's Weekly 1951 Knitting Book invaluable.

It is packed with lovely designs for spring wear and for the cooler days of summer.

Smart handknits for men are included. Mothers of families will appreciate the patterns for children.

You can buy The Australian Women's Weekly 1951 Knitting Book at your newsagent or bookseller. Price 2/-.



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MILK CHOCOLATE BLOCK

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... Juicy raisins, toasted almonds and velvety-smooth "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate—a "meal" between meals.



"FRUIT SALAD"
... Cherries, pineapple, candied peel, cumin and ginger—all blended with "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate.



"CHERRY NUT"
... Big, ripe cherries and roasted almonds, blended with "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate.





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Cystex

Concentrated for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

The Customer Is Always Right

Continued from page 13

BY this time they were in the satin-padded lift with the purple-clad bellboy, so she said nothing at all. Which, perhaps, was as well.

Mark's car was an open one and the morning had a chill to it, but Erica's temper kept her warm even more surely than the rugs her escort wrapped her in so carefully. Outside the shop Mark stopped with a grinding of gears and said casually: "What about to-morrow night—at the flat?"

"I'll ask Mr. Selward to call," Erica said coldly.

"I don't want Selward. With all your faults I've kind of got used to you. Will you come?"

"Oh—very well."

The car roared away, and Erica made her entrance. For the first time in weeks Paul was really looking at her as though she registered, but with a queer shock of surprise she realised that, now, this meant precisely nothing. That knock on the head must have done her the world of good.

He said, more than a little alarmed: "You look awful. What on earth's happened to you?"

She threw her hat aside and tenderly felt the lump behind her left ear. "Plenty."

Paul gave her a long, searching stare. "And who was that in the car—wasn't it . . . ?"

"Yes, Mark Prescott." For some obscure reason she was beginning to enjoy herself. "Why?"

"I rang you up three times last night. Where were you?" "In Prescott's flat," Erica said casually.

"Do you mean . . . ?" faltered Paul.

"I was there all night."

Paul seemed to be having trouble with his breathing. He said: "I simply don't understand you. As far as I know you had never set eyes on him until yesterday and now here you are looking absolutely frightful . . ."

He gripped her arm and peered closely at her battered face: "If I thought that brute had offered you any violence . . ."

Erica shook off his hand. "All he offered me was good advice. There were burglars in the flat when I got there, and they let me in and knocked me out. Then Mark arrived and knocked them out. He wouldn't let me leave, and I wasn't up to arguing with him. That's all."

Palpably relieved, Paul patted her hand and said: "And now let us forget Prescott. I've something to tell you—something important."

Without so much as a slight pang, Erica prepared to learn that Mrs. Jessup would soon be changing her name to Selward.

Actually it was merely a business partnership that was pending—a chance for the Selward Galleries to link up with Jessup Fabrics and double the takings. Paul, taking her acquiescence in the scheme for granted, rambled on while Erica communed with her thoughts.

She was, she decided, tired of antiques—more than tired of Paul. This might be the psychological moment to pull out and make a fresh start. It would take some thinking over . . .

"You don't seem exactly overjoyed," Paul said impa-

tently. "Why don't you say something?"

"To-morrow," she said. "I'll give you my decision to-morrow." She swept up the shop, and Paul looked after her with his mouth open.

The next evening the shabby sports car drew up outside the Galleries just as Paul was leaving to keep an emergency date with Ruby Jessup. From the window Erica saw the two men exchange glances of mutual suspicion and dislike.

"How long have you worked for that washed-out Adonis?" Mark asked by way of greeting.

"Two years," Erica said defensively. "Why?"

"Nothing. Do you always wear brown?"

"Quite often. Dark colors suit me."

"That's what you think. You've no idea what suits you, my poor girl. If you had, you'd have been Mrs. Selward eighteen months ago. So perhaps it's as well. And don't stand fiddling with that frightful hat. Just throw it away and hop in. I'm hungry."

She plopped down angrily beside him. "You should talk about clothes! I've seen tramps who looked smarter."

"It doesn't matter what men wear," he said smugly. "Besides, I'm not trying and you are."

The shaft went home. For some reason unacknowledged even to herself she had taken unusual trouble with her toilet, trying on everything she possessed before settling for the brown. Well, she'd learnt her lesson . . .

"Shall we go?" she said austere. "My time has a certain value."

WHEN they got to the flat, Erica washed a day's accumulation of dishes while Mark cooked the meal. Although he still wore the same clothes, she was mollified to notice that he'd had a haircut and had paid some attention to his nails.

Catching one of her oblique looks, he grinned: "Wonderful what the influence of a good woman will do."

Erica blushed. The man was impossible. Later she wandered round the flat looking at the only things that really interested her—his pictures.

Mark, watching her from the kitchen with a frying-pan in his hand, said: "I shall paint you in yellow brocade with just that look on your face."

She blinked. "I never wear yellow."

"But you're going to," he looked at him thoughtfully. "Have you always been a bully?"

"My mother will tell you that I was the most delightful child."

Erica became deeply engrossed in a flower piece, standing before it in a kind of trance until Mark caught her by the arm and said: "Now I'm going to show you the chamber of horrors."

He unlocked a door, and Erica gave a gasp of horrified incredulity. Silver dishes, cigarette boxes, sets of china, and delicate ornaments, as well as jewellery and furs, tumbled from boxes and

spilled over the edges of tables and chairs in a sea of tissue paper.

"No wonder you had burglars," Erica said indignantly. "There must be hundreds of pounds' worth of stuff here."

He nodded. "Wedding presents. That's why I've been sleeping here instead of at the studio. What on earth does one do with them?"

"Send them back, of course!"

"Would you help me?" For the first time he sounded almost humble. "Would you be an angel and help me sort it all out? There's a list here somewhere . . ."

They had been working for a good two hours when the door burst open and a vision in mink blew in. Erica had never seen anything like the vision before—not in real life.

The vision gasped: "Darling—oh!—darling—I've come back!"

Erica had no taste for anti-climax. She had almost reached the door when Mark said coldly: "Nice of you to have thought of it, pet, but you're a little late. I'm married—this is my wife."

The large blue eyes made a disdainful inventory of Erica's person and effects. "You're lying, darling," she said flatly. "After all, I've only been gone a few weeks. This is one of your jokes."

"Think so?" Disentangling himself not over gently from Gloria's arms, he grasped her by the scruff of her mink coat and propelled her firmly toward Erica and the door.

"Beast!" shrieked Gloria.

"Not at all," Mark said, "just a busy man getting rid of some of the trouble you let me in for. And don't make a scene, it will only upset Erica. That's her name—nice, isn't it? We're very happy in case you want to know . . ."

When he came back, his hair was even untidier than usual and he had a long scratch down one side of his face. He grinned rather sheepishly. "Hope you didn't mind me—well—anticipating the event as it were. It seemed the best way of getting rid of her."

"Oh—anything to oblige a customer," Erica said bitterly.

He blandly ignored the sarcasm. "Can you marry me this week? Gloria is a very determined young woman."

Erica was conscious of a queer tremor somewhere in the region of her heart. Ignoring it, she said coldly, "You must be quite mad. Quite, quite mad."

Mark stared at her admiringly for a moment or two. "That's a fine way to talk when at long last you get a proposal. But I like that temper of yours. You were rude to me the minute we met. It's a good sign. I knew then, in spite of that frightful brown sack you were wearing, that you were the girl for me. We're going to be an ideal married couple, so the sooner you get used to the idea the better."

"You seem to forget," Erica said with dignity, "that it takes two to make a marriage."

"And two to make a kiss," Mark said, reaching out long arms for her.

Much later she agreed that Saturday wouldn't be a day too soon.

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His Nubian servant, have at last reached their goal—the jewelled city which stands in a warm area in the polar regions. While **MUNDEN:** Waits on the ship with **PRINCESS NARDA:** Man-

drake and Lothar explore the deserted city. Suddenly a girl appears, and then the boy whom an hour before they had seen in the forest. In reply to Mandrake's query about her people she tells a strange story involving Munden. **NOW READ ON:**



"PEOPLE?" SHE ECHOES BITTERLY. "ONCE THE CITY WAS FULL OF PEOPLE, GLAY AND HAPPY. WE WERE A BUSY POWERFUL RACE. THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THE RACE DIED OFF, UNTIL THERE WERE ONLY A FEW HUNDRED OF US LEFT."



"STILL, WE WERE HAPPY. OUR GREAT LIGHT, AND THE BIG LIZARDS AND CATS PROTECTED US FROM THE BARBARIC ICE LAND INVADERS! THEN HE CAME—"



"ONLY MY BROTHER AND I ARE LEFT, HE KILLED THE REST," SAYS THE GIRL SADLY. "WHO DID?" ASKS MANDRAKE. "YOUR FRIEND, MUNDEN," SHE REPLIES SOFTLY. "MUNDEN? BUT—NOW?" STAMMERS MANDRAKE.



AS THE GIRL, GENA, TELLS MANDRAKE OF THE STRANGE DESTRUCTION OF HER RACE, THE PALACE SHAKES! "WHAT IS IT?" CRIES MANDRAKE. "ANOTHER QUAKE?" SHOUTS THE GIRL. "DON'T BE ALARMED—"



"IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME, BUT THIS IS THE WORST ONE YET, IT'S OVER NOW," SHE ADDS. "TELL ME, HOW DID MY FRIEND MUNDEN KILL YOUR PEOPLE?" ASKS MANDRAKE.



"I FIRST FOUND HIM, UNCONSCIOUS, IN A FIELD OUTSIDE THE WALLS," SAYS GENA SADLY. "I THINK IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—OTHERWISE, I'D NEVER HAVE DARED TO BRING HIM TO THE CITY—"



"OUR LAW FORBODE STRANGERS IN THE CITY. THE MEN WANTED TO THROW HIM TO THE BIG CATS, BUT I WAS A ROYAL PRINCESS. I WON THEM OVER, AND SAVED HIM," CONTINUES GENA.



"HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS FOR DAYS, EXHAUSTED FROM EXPOSURE. I NURSED HIM. THEN HE AWOKES AND COMPLAINED OF A STRANGE ILLNESS—"

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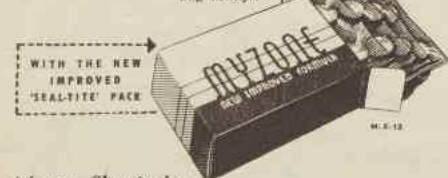
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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

894.—DRESS

A pretty button-through one-piece is obtainable cut out ready to sew. The material is floral summer-breeze cotton, the color choice includes blue, red, and aqua, printed on a white ground. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, price 32/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, price 34/3.

895.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS

An attractive style for a small girl, cut out ready to make in floral haircord in pastel shades of lemon, pink, blue, and rose, printed on a white ground. Sizes: Length 23in., for 6 years, price 19/11; 27in., for 8 years, price 20/9; 31in., for 10 years, price 21/6; and 34in., for 12 years, price 22/3.

896.—SHORTS

Tailored shorts obtainable cut out ready to make in British headcloth. The color choice includes sage-blue, beige, lemon, pink, green, and white. Sizes: 24in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist measurement, price 12/11.

897.—TRACED APRON

The apron is clearly traced ready to embroider on a British headcloth in white, blue, pink, natural, and green. Embroider in contrasting colors and finish with bias binding (not supplied). Size: Medium, price 6/11.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send your orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given below.



Pattern for beginners

F6586.—Beginners' pattern for a one-piece swimsuit with petal top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 1/9.

F6575.—Matron's attractive house-coat. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. edging. Price 3/6.

F6580.—Matron's edge-to-edge spring coat. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F6532.—Attractive two-piece maternity suit with contrast for collar trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F6569.—Small girl's simply styled daytime dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years for 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. lengths. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. braid for trim. Price 2/-.

F6540.—Small girl's lace-trimmed party dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years for 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths. Requires 2yds. 36in. material, 3yds. ½in. lace insertion, plus 5½yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 2/-.

Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060 G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

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VICTORIA: Veal's Electrical & Radio Pty. Ltd., 490 Elizabeth St., Melbourne. Warburton Franks (Melb.) Ltd., 380-382 Bourke St., Melbourne, C.I.

Notes from a *Sunlover's* Diary



When dreams of blissful beaches

edge in on urgent office business, then I know Summer's really coming! Already I've doffed my topcoat! Already I've acquired a brand new pair of my favourite Casben Swim Shorts! And now all I have to do is wait for the week-end and hope the weather holds!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The ones I chose are the Boxer-type Casben does so well. They're in "Touch-down"—that's Casben's new iridescent fabric—and I selected Blue from the usual long list of Casben colours offering.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Had I been just a few years younger, I wouldn't have been able to resist the Casben Swim Trunks I saw, made of lustrous satin lastex! In these I imagine you'd feel as sleek as a seal...

...and move just about as fast, too! They're as brief and streamlined as that! Look for them!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For those leisure occasions when you won't be swimming, keep an eye out for the sturdy twills, the bantam-weight worsteds, the cool linens and colourful corduroys you'll find in Casben Walk-Shorts this year. (In case you read this, Wife—it's my birthday soon, remember? You'll find my size on the tab inside my Casben greys you admired so much last year. The fabric and the colour choice I leave to you!)

Yours for a
wonderful Summer,

Sunlover

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"Swim N' Play"
SWIM SHORTS

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1951